

TO THE LADIES.

1st. DECEMBER, 1842.

We are indebted to your kind patronage for a success which has far surpassed our expectations, and for which we beg to tender our grateful acknowledgements. We think it also due to you, to offer a few observations regarding our publication.

Some enlightened friends have recommended, that we should publish original articles only by American Authors; but that being the course adopted by several previously existing periodicals, we think it will be more acceptable to our subscribers, that we should offer them the productions of some of the best French and English writers of the day, combined with those of our most distinguished American Authors, such as P. Jant, Halleck, Longfellow, Sprague, Dana, Park Benjamin, Epes Sargent, James Aldrich, &c. &c; thus forming, as it were, an universal literary confraternity. We feel confident that the great majority of our subscribers will agree with us in this opinion.

We were induced to undertake the publication of "The Artist," because we have a series of embellishments to offer to its subscribers, and because we wish to replace the ordinary black engravings by engravings in color. It appears to us, that it would have been perfectly idle to have undertaken a new publication with the same style of illustration as that adopted by existing Magazines and Ladies' Books, and in which they have attained all the perfection of which that style is capable.

The illustrations we shall give in our numbers will be as varied as they are new, for both the invention and the means of execution are our own exclusive property. We trust that our efforts will continue to be appreciated and encouraged by our indulgent patrons. We doubt not that we shall, in the course of time, have imitators, but we shall, at all events, have been the first to trace out a new line, which has not as yet been attempted in any other country.

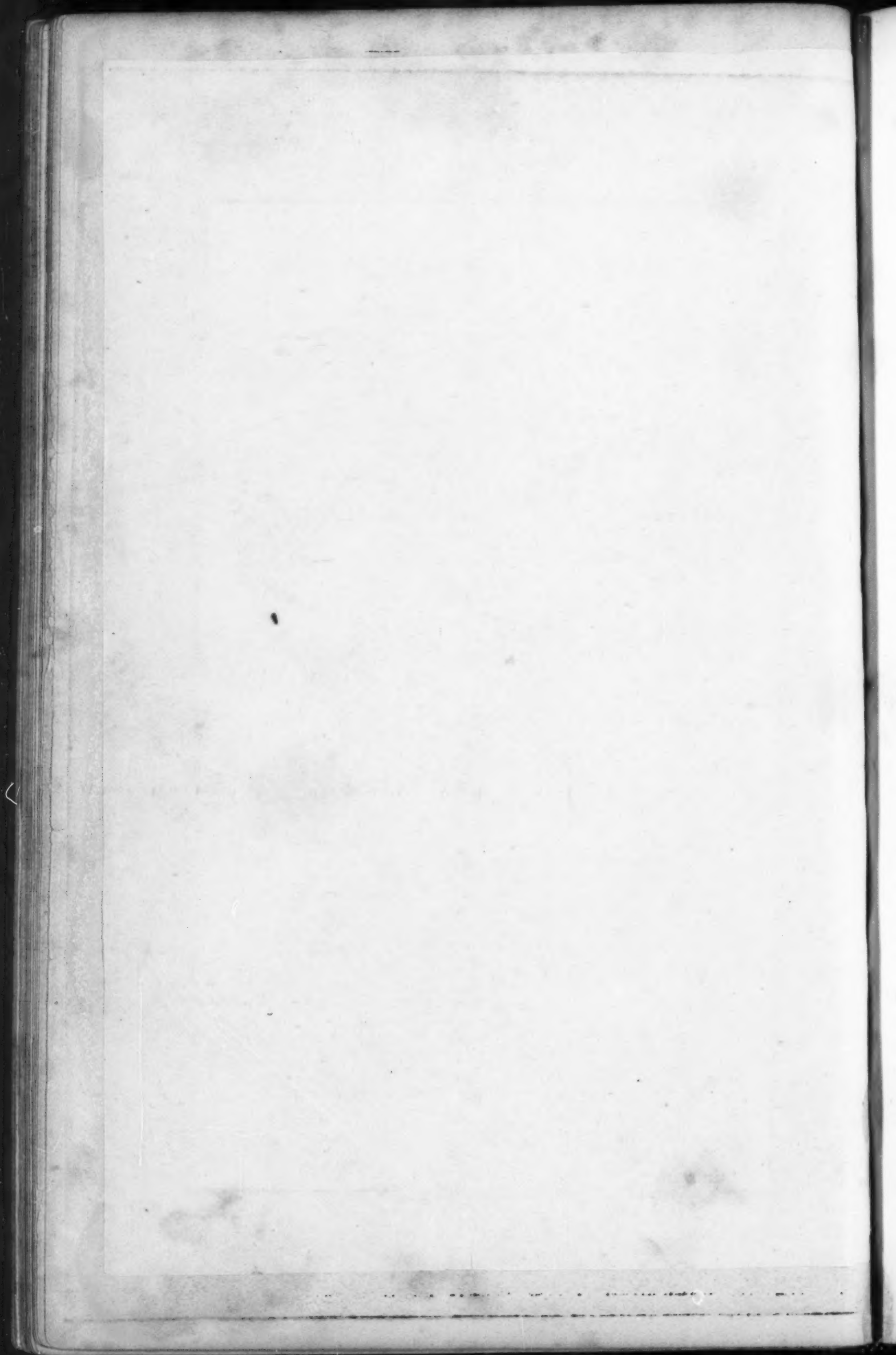
The Bouquet of Roses, in our first number, has given great satisfaction to our subscribers, and many of them have requested that we would give a series of coloured Flowers, accompanied by botanical descriptions, thus forming a guide to that delightful section of natural history. We have not hesitated to act upon this suggestion, which will, in so eminent a degree, combine the useful and the agreeable; and without consideration as to the additional labor and expense which this will necessarily occasion, we present, in this number, an engraving of the Chelone obliqua, a flower indigenous to this country, together with an elaborate botanical description of it. It is the first of a collection, which we purpose giving to our subscribers upon the same plan as Paxton's Magazine of Botany, published in London, the copies of which are very scarce, and cost seventy dollars.

In the January number we purpose giving a Garland of MOSS ROSES, of a very splendid description.

As this series of flowers will render the regular receipt of our publication additionally interesting, we respectfully suggest, in order that there may be no unnecessary delay, or interruption in its delivery, to those who may desire to receive it regularly, that they should remit the subscriptions, post-paid, to the office of the Artist, No. 64 Read Street, New-York.

For the satisfaction of some parties who have criticised the name we have adopted for our work, we declare that its Title is "THE ARTIST," the qualification of Ladies' Monthly Book we consider merely as an explanation, or carrying out of its intentions. We call our book the "THE ARTIST," and we shall use all the energies we possess to render it worthy of the Title.

F. QUARRÉ





SALVIA LINARIOIDES
AND CORREA HARRISII



COUNTESS HORTENSIA



THE ARTIST.

DECEMBER 1842.

THE STUDENT OF GOTTINGEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE EDITOR.

ABSORBED in profound thought, Wilhelm sat writing regardless of all that was passing around him. A threatening storm had arisen—the rain was falling in torrents, the wind howled around his miserable garret and whistled through the crannies of the ill-constructed sashes of his one small window; a few scattered coals burnt mournfully upon the hearth; his smoky lamp was flickering and gave but little light; yet Wilhelm still wrote on.

One hand supported his forehead, whilst the other ran with rapidity over the paper; he appeared to hear nothing of the fiercely raging storm which assailed his dwelling. At last his pen stopped—Wilhelm raised his head—pressed his hand wildly to his forehead, and then read over the lines he had just written, with agonized attention.

TO FRANTZ ROLLER, STUDENT:—

“When you read this letter, all will be over; I shall have quitted this life of misery and deception; I shall have left this world and have entered into a better one; this I hope and I believe; for when death approaches us we no longer doubt. Adieu! then, you whom I have loved so well; you, who from my childhood I have looked upon as the one half of my soul, of my existence; adieu! Think sometimes of poor Wilhelm—and if ever you should bestow your friendship on another, do not deceive him as you have deceived

me; for you might also, perhaps, cause his death; and he might not, even when dying, forgive you as I do now. Yes, I forgive you, Frantz, and yet it is you, and you alone, who compel me to destroy myself—do not forget that! Others may attribute my suicide to poverty or to exaggerated notions; I wish that you, at least, should know my real motives. Do you remember that night, Frantz, when sitting by the roadside, we clasped each other's hand, and fixing our eyes upon the heavens, then radiant with stars, swore to each other an eternal friendship? I was poor, you were rich; I was alone in the world, without relations, without friends; you had all these; you were beloved, cherished by all, and yet you said, ‘With you, Wilhelm, I will share my fortune, my happiness, my life; to me you give your friendship and that I prize above all earthly possessions.’ I accepted all, for you were then sincere! Since that night we have lived as brothers; I have loved but you, you and Mira, that child who, an orphan like myself, inspired me with a love as pure and innocent as her own heart; every hour that I could spare from labor and study I passed with you and her, in the enjoyment of happiness too perfect for this life, where every thing is ephemeral.

Madman that I was! how often have I taken a dream for a reality? Yes, I did

but dream; it was only this evening that I awoke; this evening, Frantz, I saw you kneeling at Mira's feet, and Mira allowed her hand to remain in yours, and kindly smiled upon you. I saw you, and I did not kill you! Ah! you may thank the friendship which I vowed to you; it was that alone which restrained my arm—for an instant, the temptation was almost irresistible! But I am now calm, and I forgive you: Mira is so beautiful! you have seen and conversed with her almost daily, and you loved her! could it be otherwise? But how could you thus sacrifice your friend? For myself, I do not forget what we have been to each other. Alone, sequestered in the miserable garret which I occupied before I shared with you your dwelling, I am preparing myself to die. What have I now to live for? Deprived of love and friendship, the two poles of life, study would be a derision, existence a torment. Farewell, Frantz! farewell, Mira! may you still be happy. Think sometimes of your friend; his last prayer will be for you."

Wilhelm folded and sealed the letter, wrote the address, and then, with a convulsive movement, opened a drawer and seized a pistol. After having looked at it for some moments, he laid it upon his bureau, rose and paced the room with hurried steps.

"Die!" he exclaimed, "die so young! when I have still before me a career so long, so many years of life! Die! when I also might become rich, beloved, happy! But no, that is now impossible, I must die."

And he advanced towards the table.

The storm howled with redoubled fury.

"Oh!" continued Wilhelm, his agitation increasing every moment, "if the dreams of my youth could only be realized; if some all-powerful spirit, angel or demon, would offer me in exchange for my life, my eternity, only a few years of happiness; if I could make one of those compacts with ——"

A loud clap of thunder stopped his ut-

terance—a flash of lightning, of a livid blue color, illuminated the garret and filled it with a sulphurous smell.

Terrified, overcome by indescribable emotions—a prey to wonderful imaginings—pale, his hair standing on end, Wilhelm tremblingly supported himself by leaning on his arm chair, and cried out:—

"To my aid, oh Satan!"

He had hardly uttered the words when he heard a knocking at his door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"Open; it is I," replied a rough and screeching voice.

"Who are you?"

"He, whom you called."

Distracted, incapable of making the slightest movement, or of pronouncing a single word, the young man fell almost fainting into the arm-chair.

"Open," resumed the voice, "or I will break down the door."

Wilhelm did not stir.

The door opened as if by magic, and a little old man, dressed in black, whose eyes shone like carbuncles, entered the apartment.

The lamp burned still more dimly, emitting but feeble rays of light. "You have but little politeness," said the unknown, approaching Wilhelm, "the weather is too bad to leave even a d—l outside; you call me, I come at your first summons; I climb up six stories, and you allow me to stand freezing at your door; I thought that German students were more civilized, but that was a delusion; it appears that I too am subject to delusions. Now then, let me have a chair—let us sit down and have a little conversation."

The little old man turned round to look for a chair, but there was not one in the garret.

"How now, what, not a seat for me?" cried he, "you have only this one old leathern arm-chair? But never mind! we shall still be able to manage matters."

And he seated himself on one of the arms of the antique piece of furniture, into which Wilhelm had fallen.

"Well! you called me; what do you want with me?"

"Nothing," replied Wilhelm, in a smothered, half-choking voice.

"Nothing—how is this? Do you perchance mean to make game of me? But no, that cannot be—you are frightened—and I, who always thought that German students were too brave to be alarmed at any thing!—another delusion of which I must divest myself. Come, come, try to put off this fear, and answer me. What, not a word? This is too bad; well then I must speak for you. You called me because Frantz and Mira have betrayed you; you wished to be revenged—all that is natural enough. Oh! do not interrupt me; should you ever attempt to deny it, I should not believe you. Further, you wish to be *happy* during a few years, and for all this you sell yourself to me; the bargain is not, perhaps, a very advantageous one for me; but I am a good d—l and I accept it. The contract is duly made; I will not ask you for your signature; between men of honor, like you and I, that formality is unnecessary—moreover, for better security, I intend never to leave you. I have to-night borrowed the clothes and the features of old Doctor Cornelius, one of my best friends; I make free with his name also, and under this disguise I mean to become your companion and your Mentor."

Stupified and stunned, Wilhelm stared wildly at the Doctor who, after having finished his harangue, strode up and down the room as quickly as his short legs would allow. On a sudden he stopped.

"Do you know," said the old man, "that your room is exceedingly cold. Perhaps you German students are accustomed to it; but, for my part, I must acknowledge to you that being used to a good fire, I do not feel at all comfortable; luckily I happen to have about me a cordial which will warm me and reanimate you, for you look as if you were going to faint."

Whilst uttering these words he drew

from his pocket a small phial, took from the chimney-piece a glass, filled it about half full, and presented it to the young man saying, "drink."

Wilhelm would have pushed him away, but the little old man fastened his piercing eyes upon him, and so fascinated him by his look that all resistance was useless. The student had scarcely finished drinking, when he felt a heaviness pervade his whole frame—his eyes became dim—his head fell listlessly upon his chest, and in a few minutes he sank into perfect forgetfulness.

CHAPTER II.

Two cavaliers were urging their horses at full speed over a sandy road, shut in on both sides by lofty and cragged rocks.

The dim rays of the moon were thrown upon the rocks, and on the branches of some leafless fir trees, shedding but a wan and pale light upon the ground.

There was not a breath of wind—all was still as death, save the cadenced steps of the two black horses, which were hurrying on, rapid as the lightning; and the confused murmur of words, uttered in a low tone of voice by the two cavaliers.

The Doctor, rather squatting, than sitting on his courser's back, had not changed the expression of his countenance; the same satanical expression still animated his smile—the same fire still gleamed in his eyes.

Paler than death itself, Wilhelm, shewed evident marks of the feverish emotions which devoured him; his hollow, but sparkling eyes, his lips trembling with nervous agitation, his hair in disorder, gave to his physiognomy a strange and fitful look, which, in the moonlight, made him appear a fantastic, rather than a human being: nevertheless, his attitude was that of a man resolved, and in his brilliant eyes could be traced an unalterable determination, a power of will, which overcame the weakness of the body.

"Shall we soon arrive at our journey's

end?" asked the young man, in a hollow tone of voice.

"Very shortly?"

"Then let us hold in our horses a little, for the rapid pace we are going at kills me."

"The condemned, always ride too fast."

"Silence, demon; I am thine I know, because I have no room in my heart now, but for vengeance; I am thine, because thou hast bought me; but I will not permit thee to remind me of the infamous compact—be silent!"

"In the first place, you call me demon, that is not generous; I have already informed you of my title, Doctor Cornelius! I prefer that name, it sounds better to the ear; I will therefore thank you to remember it. Then again, you call our bargain an infamous compact; that is a slight mistake; there is no infamy in it, for it is all to your advantage. You shall yourself decide the question. You were simple enough not to desire vengeance on those who had injured you—I inspired you with a trifling degree of proper animosity against the two fugitives: Frantz and Mira had fled from Gottingen, I confided to you the best horse in my stables, and I joined you in your pursuit of them. Once revenged, I will procure for you a fortune, and new made titles; you will become rich and honored, without being compelled to be honorable; and in exchange for all this, what do you give me? Your life! why, you were about to cut the thread of it, when I first made your acquaintance."

The Doctor was interrupted by Wilhelm, who pointed to a light in the distance.

"That is the end of our journey," added he "let us hurry on."

In a few moments the travellers arrived at the sign of the Three Fir Trees; a post chaise, without horses, stood at the door.

Wilhelm called for the ostler; a lad came out and helped him to dismount; he was about to enter the house, when the lad stopped him and asked,

"Pray, noble Sir, does that other horse, without a rider, belong to you also?"

The young man turned round, and to his amazement saw that the Doctor had not yet quitted his saddle; however, upon a sign which his companion made to him, he answered in the affirmative.

The surprise of Wilhelm was increased when, giving his orders to provide supper for two, the inkeeper asked him whether it would be long before the second guest arrived. The Doctor was then standing by his side, and smiling significantly at him. He was getting angry, and was about to vent his rage upon the persons who surrounded him, when Cornelius raised his voice and said,

"My dear friend, I am invisible to all these people; you alone can see me; you alone can hear my voice. Therefore do not speak to me; act as if I were not here; listen only to what I say; conform in every thing to my advice, and all will go well."

Wilhelm, amazed, eyed the Doctor earnestly, who withdrew to a corner of the room; he then took a chair and seated himself by the fire, and covering his face with both hands, fell into a profound reverie. He was roused from it by the Doctor's putting his hand upon his shoulder, and making him raise his head; the Doctor then pointed to the further end of the apartment.

A door opened, and Mira entered the room leaning on the arm of Frantz.

Wilhelm at once sprang upon his feet, and pale and trembling, his arms crossed over his chest, advanced to meet the new comers.

"Wretches," exclaimed he, "at last we meet again. You thought to escape me; you basely fled to avoid the chastisement which awaits you, but my vengeance did not sleep. Frantz, where are now your vows—what has become of that eternal friendship which you swore to me? Frantz, where is now your boasted honor? And you too, Mira, perfidious Mira, how have you regarded your plighted faith? You, whom I venerated as a Madonna, Mira, where are now your modesty and truth?"

"Wilhelm, my friend," replied Mira, tremblingly.

"I am no longer your friend—I am no longer Wilhelm—I am now your judge. The hour of justice and of vengeance has arrived."

"Wilhelm, in the name of our early friendship," said Frantz imploringly.

"Our friendship! he invokes our friendship! he, who has trampled under foot his most sacred oaths; he, who has belied his faith, his honor; he, who has deprived me, his friend, of the only treasure I valued upon earth; a treasure for which, I would have paid with my heart's blood! he robbed me of it, and then fled like a thief, a coward. Yes, Frantz Roller, you are a coward, and I blush that I have ever been your friend. But I will be less a coward than you are. I might kill you, but I allow you at least, a chance for your life. Defend yourself."

Wilhelm had seized two old swords, which were hanging upon the wall of the room—he threw one of them at his adversary's feet.

"Wilhelm," said Frantz, calm this transport and listen to me. I acknowledge that I am guilty, but still I can justify myself; hear me—I do not wish to fight—I will not fight with you; I am still your friend—I have not betrayed you; Mira is still pure and worthy of your love."

"Can it be true?"

"That man lies!" ejaculated Doctor Cornelius.

Wilhelm had hesitated, but that voice again aroused his fury; his features reassumed their harshness—he raised his sword.

"I want no explanations, no more falsehoods; Frantz Roller defend yourself, and whether you will or not, I will thus force you to it."

With these words, he struck Frantz a blow on the cheek with the flat of his sword. Frantz picked up the one Wilhelm had thrown to him, and their blades crossed.

Mira would have thrown herself be-

tween the combatants, but Wilhelm pushed her rudely on one side; she fell upon the floor.

After two or three thrusts, the Doctor drew near; invisible to Frantz, he knocked his sword on one side, and directed that of Wilhelm to his adversaries breast.

Frantz fell, uttering a piteous groan; he had been struck to the heart.

Wilhelm remained mute and motionless before the body, contemplating with mournful eyes the blood of him who had been his best, his only friend; he appeared petrified. The old man again roused him from his stupor, took him by the hand, and pointed with his finger at Mira who, terrified and weeping, was crouching in a corner of the room; he then said to him:

"Finish your task!"

Wilhelm raised his sword and with slow steps approached the young girl.

"Pray!" said he to her, "pray, for you are about to die."

"To die!" screamed Mira, rising in an agony of terror, "to die, that is impossible."

"Pray, I tell you."

"What have I then done Wilhelm, my good Wilhelm, that I should die? But no, no, you will not kill me—you say so only to terrify me."

"Pray."

"Oh, God! you are then really in earnest—Wilhelm, Wilhelm, oh, speak to me!"

"Pray, Mira."

"See then, I throw myself at your feet! I pray and weep! do not kill me; spare me, I am too young to die! I have loved you so tenderly; I do still love you faithfully! Do not kill me; we might still be happy; I am innocent; my love, my life is yours, but do not kill me. We can fly together, far, very far—and I will pray so fervently, that God will forgive you the death of the unfortunate Frantz. Wilhelm! Wilhelm! in the name of our love, in the name of your own sainted mother, I implore you not to kill me."

These words affected Wilhelm deeply.

For a moment he dropped the point of his sword, but the diabolical voice and laugh of Doctor Cornelius again rang in his ears; he made a violent effort, and placing one hand upon the mouth of the young girl to smother her cries and sobs, he twice thrust his sword into her breast.

Wilhelm was avenged; but the nervous fever which had sustained his resolution, and had urged him to the commission of this double crime, suddenly left him. The sword dropped from his hand; he fell upon his knees before the still palpitating body of Mira. He took her hands in his, drew from her finger a ring and placed it on his own; and then smoothing her light tresses, he bent down, and imprinted a last chaste kiss upon her lovely forehead.

When he rose up, large tears were chasing each other down his pale and hollow cheeks; finally, worn out by his emotions, Wilhelm fell senseless to the ground, as though overcome by heavy and profound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

When Wilhelm awoke, he was in his own garret, seated in his old arm-chair. His mind was wandering; he kept on talking aloud and unconsciously of the dreadful events in which he had been so lately and so actively engaged. On a sudden he perceived Doctor Cornelius who was standing a few paces from him, and appeared to be watching him with anxious affection.—There beamed in his looks an expression of tender interest, and of goodness, altogether unusual. He advanced to take hold of his hand, but Wilhelm shrunk with horror from his touch. His recollection seemed to be gradually returning with reviving animation.

"Avaunt, demon! avaunt, murderer of my friend and of my betrothed; do not pollute me with thy blood-stained hands."

"Listen to me, Wilhelm."

"Listen to thee! oh, no! I will no longer hearken to thy insinuating voice or thy perfidious councils! it was thou that

caused me to fall into the abyss, but thou shalt not drag me to the bottom!"

"Hear me!"

"No, leave me! my whole future life shall be passed in repentance and tears."

"Listen to me, thou must do so! I command it."

And the Doctor fixed upon Wilhelm his small sparkling eyes, and again overcame him by the fascination of his look.

The student covered his face with his hands and remained silent.

"Listen, and do not interrupt me. I am about to relate to you a history in which you play a prominent character."

"About fifty years ago, there was at the University of Wittemberg a young man who raised himself above the other students by his powers of mind, and by knowledge which he had acquired through long and painful study. His name was Cornelius."

"The pupil soon became a master and acquired a brilliant reputation throughout the whole of Germany. Possessed of a large fortune, and a name which he had rendered illustrious, Doctor Cornelius found that his society was every where courted; the most noble families eagerly sought the honor of his alliance. For a long time he resisted all their offers. His heart and life were devoted only to his studies—although still young, he knew no other passion. He at last yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and allowed them to present him to the Margrave of of Anspach, who bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter Catharine."

"The marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The following day Cornelius had resumed his studious and retired habits. The arrival of a woman in his house was to him an event of little import—it had passed almost unperceived by him. Nevertheless, this woman was marvellously beautiful; but Cornelius had not even looked at her. Born to attract attention and admiration—accustomed to shine in the gay world—Catherine suddenly found herself completely alone, abandoned

even by her husband, who sometimes almost forgot the existence of such a person. For two years she led a melancholy and painful life without even uttering a complaint, without shedding a tear; but solitude and neglect had sunk deep into her heart, and, like a plant translated to a foreign soil, she withered and faded away day by day; at length she died after giving birth to a daughter."

"It was then that Doctor Cornelius first felt how guilty he had been—what sufferings he had caused this good and patient angel. It was then only he discovered that he had possessed a treasure without appreciating its true worth. Regret was useless; there was no remedy for the past. Cornelius felt this keenly, but he determined, at all events, to profit for the future by the experience he had so unhappily acquired. From that time his love of study became less exclusive; what he most cherished upon earth was his daughter, the living image of her whose loss he mourned. He left Wittemberg, the city of death and misfortune to him, and fixed himself at Gottingen, where, alone and unknown, he devoted himself entirely to his child and to his studies."

"The young girl had grown up—at the age of sixteen she was a treasure of beauty, of grace and ingenuousness. Cornelius began to think of finding her a suitable husband. Doubtless being rich, and daughter of Catharine of Anspach, she might have aspired to the most exalted alliances; but Cornelius did not wish for titles or for wealth; he wished to give her a husband, whether rich or poor was a secondary consideration, but one who like himself should be virtuous and studious, and better calculated than he had been to render a woman happy. He sought for such an one among the young students at Gottingen; and it was upon the most distinguished, the most virtuous, but the poorest amongst them, that his choice fell—it was to you, Wilhelm, that he destined the hand of his daughter."

"To me!" exclaimed Wilhelm, raising his head.

"Do not interrupt me—Cornelius determined to give you his daughter; but he required proofs of the noble qualities which you were said to possess. You might, perhaps, have loved Mira, rich and honored for her fortune and her father's illustrious name; he caused her to be presented to you, as an unfortunate and portionless orphan. Poor, as she appeared, you loved her; unprotected, still you respected her. Cornelius had rightly judged you; you were worthy of her!"

"Oh demon, demon! why do you torment me with the view of so brilliant a perspective, so much lost happiness. Why give me a glimpse of that Eden from which I am for ever shut out by the perfidy of a woman and the treachery of a friend."

"Frantz and Mira have not betrayed you," rejoined the Doctor, earnestly, "the old Cornelius still required one more trial of your virtue; he wished to ascertain whether you loved his daughter above every thing; whether you had courage and affection enough to sacrifice your own happiness to hers; all had been previously arranged between him and Frantz Roller."

"What says't thou, demon? Frantz and Mira were not guilty! and I have murdered them! Oh may thou be for ever accursed, thou who hast contrived this diabolical plot! Innocent, and I have pitilessly killed them! My hands have been imbrued in their blood—they even still bear the stains of those relentless deeds! oh! horror, horror!"

"Be calm, be calm, Wilhelm—you are still under the influence of a direful dream; listen attentively, and believe what I am about to tell you, for it is useless to hide it longer from you. I am Doctor Cornelius, the father of Mira, that Mira whom you have killed but in a dream."

"What cruel mockery is this?"

"I am not mocking you, young man.—Last night I hid myself behind this door; I heard you call on Satan, and I appeared."

I could not resist the temptation of profiting, for a moment, by the superstitious excitement in which I found you, to obtain a still farther knowledge of your character, and I assumed the character of the demon you had invoked. But in a few minutes, your excessive agitation and the wanderings of your mind alarmed me. I then forced you to swallow a draught which would induce sleep. You have slept several hours. You now know the truth. Let your mind recover its tranquillity, and dissipate for ever the frightful images with which your imagination has been oppressed, under the influence of a pretended compact with the demon."

"A dream! impossible. All these horrible events are too strongly impressed upon my memory—it cannot have been a dream! I must have proofs, doctor, living proofs!"

"You shall have them," replied Cornelius, affectionately, "from this moment, you are my son."

At this moment the voices of Frantz and Mira were heard upon the stairs.

Wilhelm heard them with amazement and rushed eagerly forward to meet them.

"Mira, Frantz," he exclaimed, "can you forgive me?"

"What have I to forgive my friend," artlessly replied the young girl.

"He is surely mad," rejoined Frantz.

"Yes," said Wilhelm, "I am mad, mad with delight and joy. I feel that my reason is giving way with this excess of happiness."

"Stop a little," said the doctor, "you cannot lose your senses without my permission, and I formally object to it; you know that you are my property."

"Oh Doctor, Father, do not again recal these sorrowful remembrances."

The old man whispered a few words in his ear, and then looked smilingly at him. But this time there was no irony or sarcasm in his looks. It was the smile of paternal satisfaction and happiness.

Wilhelm married Mira, and he has become, under another name, one of the most distinguished and most learned men of modern Germany.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING D.D.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

He is not dead! they know not what they say—
Is't death to cast the drossy earth away?
Oh! weep not children—weep not lonely wife!
He lives—he glories in celestial life!
When last his mild eye met this eager sight,
How sunk by age—how shadowed was its light!
Feebly his hand pressed mine—his step was slow—
The voice which blessed me tremulous and low,
Behold! in shining vesture—see him stand
The holiest, purest, of an angel band;
Disease and Time where are your traces now?
Immortal Youth sits throned upon his brow,
Her light, angelic wisdom o'er him sheds,
And round his form a lustrous halo spreads;
And Love, to all things human and divine,
And Mercy, from his radiant count'nance shine.
What is't that mortal lips revere his name?
Look, where his virtues love and homage claim!
Where earthly Goodness weaves his spirit's dress,
And robes him in unearthly loveliness!
Rejoice then, wife and children! shed no tear—
He watches o'er you from a higher sphere!

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

BY JAMES ALDRICH, ESQ.

IN the beginning of the seventeenth century, there lived in Naples one Signor Silvio Ambrosio, a man of great learning and wealth, whose favorite study was botany. He had collected in his garden an infinite variety of rare and beautiful plants, which he kept under his own charge,—assigning, however, to his daughter Veronica, the care of those which needed the most constant attendance. The palace of Signor Ambrosio was situated without the bounds of the city, above the grotto of Paulipppo, some distance beyond the tomb of Virgil. It was surrounded by citron and orange trees, and commanded an uninterrupted view of the bay of Naples, and of the magnificent scenery which surrounds it. Before it lay the Island of Capri, where Tiberius retired in his old age, beyond which the Appenines raise their lofty heads, stretching to the north and south, far as the eye could reach. From the terrace could be seen the lovely village of Sorrento; further to the left Castellamare, La Torre del Anunciata, La Torre del Greco, Portici and Vesuvius, with its ever smoking cone. To the right, on the north-west side of the bay, lay the little Island of Nisida, where Brutus and Portia breathed their last farewells; then the Lago d'Agnano, and the lovely country lying between it and Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, and over this could be discerned the lofty hills rising from the coast of Baiæ, so celebrated for the baths of Nero, and the ruins of beautiful temples and palaces; farther to the east is the Capo Miseno, near which are still some ruins of the city of Misenum, where Cornelia, the widow of Pompey, wore her honorable weeds. In the universe there is no scene more replete with beauty, or which conjures up more classic recollections. Well may the inhabitants of this favored region exclaim, "Vedi Napoli e poi muori!" (See Naples, and then die.)

The charms of Veronica, not less than

the beauty and odor of the flowers, frequently attracted to the garden of Ambrosio two gentlemen of Naples—the one named Caracciolo, and the other Palombo; the former the favorite of Ambrosio, and the latter beloved by his daughter. Caracciolo was in possession of great wealth, and Palombo, though sprung from one of the most honorable families in Italy, was poor. The wealthy suitor was not ignorant of the love which Veronica bore to his rival, towards whom he conceived the most bitter hatred which jealousy could engender, and longed for nothing so much as a favorable opportunity to put him out of the way.

Signor Ambrosio loved his daughter, yet did not fail to urge incessantly the suit of Caracciolo. The gentle Veronica would not, for a time, listen to her father's unwelcome importunities, yet, at last, yielded an unwilling consent, on condition that the marriage should be deferred to a distant period.

When Palombo heard of this resolution, he abandoned himself to despair, and determined to endeavor, among new scenes and new acquaintances, to obliterate from his memory one whom he felt he could not now continue to address without dishonor. This determination he kept secret, even from Veronica. He lingered in Naples several weeks, enjoying, whenever opportunity offered, a stolen interview, and resolving that each one should be the last. Of these interviews, Caracciolo became informed, and his hatred for Palombo increased to such a height of madness, that he hired two ruffians—such as could always be procured at Naples, for a small sum, to commit any crime—to assassinate him. The murderers watching in the dark at a corner by which they expected Palombo would pass, awaited his approach. Now, it so happened, that Palombo, knowing nothing of this, on that very night departed secretly, and in disguise, for Palermo.

The assassins had not waited long, ere a man passed whom they supposed to be Palombo, and falling upon him, they despatched him with their stilettoes, and threw his body into the sea.

In the morning, Palombo's absence occasioned great alarm among his friends,—and, hearing no tidings of him for two days, they offered a large reward to any one who would give information respecting him. Tempted by the reward, one of the murderers, being assured that he should be permitted to make his escape, divulged the particulars of the whole transaction: his fellow murderer and Caracciolo were arrested, tried, and convicted; the former suffered death, and the latter was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Palombo, now on his way to Palermo, knew nothing of the extraordinary events which had transpired since his departure; and, his friends supposing him to be dead, went into mourning for him. Veronica was inconceivable in her grief, and would have retired to a convent, but that her father, old and infirm, claimed her filial care and attention.

When Palombo arrived at Palermo, he entered the service of a merchant, and led a sad and solitary life; making few acquaintances, but winning from those he did make the warmest affection and esteem. He remained five years in Sicily without hearing a word from his friends in Naples, and without informing them whither he had fled,—supposing, all the while, that Veronica had espoused his rival Caracciolo. Although he endeavored to forget the idol of his heart, it was in remembrances of her he found his greatest pleasure. Wandering alone one evening, in a melancholy mood, his attention was arrested by the voice of a gallant, who was singing a serenade under the balcony of his mistress, in the shadow of a magnificent dwelling—on drawing nearer, he found the song to be one which he himself had composed, the burthen of which was his love for Veronica. The slightest events are not unfrequently productive of

the most important effects in life; that song awakened a thousand delightful recollections, and brought back to his heart his early love, and with it, a resolution to set out immediately for Naples, in the hope of at least once more seeing her, whom he vainly endeavored to forget.

On his arrival in his native city, he took lodgings at the Hotel di Belvédère, under the assumed name of Baritolo; and making casual inquiries of his family, he accidentally heard of the extraordinary and tragical drama performed after his leaving Naples, with all the particulars connected therewith. Bethinking for many hours how he should act, he determined, in the first place, to go to the prison in disguise, and see Caracciolo. Accordingly he went, and found no difficulty in obtaining permission to visit the wretched man in his cell.

"I come to you as a friend," said Palombo, "to converse on affairs of importance."

"Stranger," replied Caracciolo, "then your discourse must be of a future state of existence, for to me all the affairs of this world are of the least possible interest."

"Nay, hear me," said Palombo, "I come on an errand of mercy, to promote your welfare in this life, trusting that you will secure your happiness in that which is to come yourself. I think I have it in my power to release you from this confinement." Caracciolo looked wildly upon his visiter, and answered him with a sigh of despair. Palombo continued; "you had a rival once, named Palombo, whom you suppose to be dead, but he is living, and I have seen him within these three days."

"Do not mock me," said Caracciolo.

"On condition that I obtain your release," said Palombo, "will you renounce all claim upon Veronica, all enmity toward Palombo, and depart from Naples never to return?"

"On any conditions would I regain my liberty; but do not aggravate my suffer-

ings by raising hopes which can never be realised."

Then Palombo explained to him the whole mystery, and left Caracciolo buried in tears.

Palombo returned to his hotel, musing as he went, upon the course he should next pursue, when he bethought him of this expedient. Hearing that Signor Ambrosio and his daughter were living in great seclusion, he wrote a letter purporting to come from an eminent botanist in Geneva, introducing one Baritolo (himself) to Signor Ambrosio; this letter he delivered, still preserving the disguise of his person, and was received with great civility by Ambrosio, who, pleading the infirmities of age as an excuse for not exhibiting his plants himself, directed Veronica to conduct the stranger to the garden.

Little dreaming who accompanied her, Veronica walked with Palombo in the garden, pointing out to him the rarest plants and flowers, and discoursing pleasantly upon their peculiar natures. The conversation becoming more general, Palombo casually remarked that he had lately seen, in Palermo, a person named Palombo, with whom she was very well acquainted, and for whom he entertained a very high regard.

"'Tis impossible, sir," said Veronica, with a sigh; "he whom I once knew by that name died long since,"—then plucking, unconsciously, as it were, a flower that grew beside her, she continued,—“this is a beautiful flower; do you have such in Geneva? Like the calista, it blooms during the day, but when night comes, it closes and becomes a bud again.”

Palombo desired no stronger proof of Veronica's continued love for him, than the emotion she manifested at the mention of his name; soliciting the privilege of visiting her again, he returned to his hotel and sent for his brother, who was amazed and overjoyed at his unexpected reappearance. When all that had happened had been fully explained, they went to the proper authorities, who being convinced that Palombo was the man they had supposed murdered, immediately ordered Caracciolo to be released. He was accordingly set at liberty, and departed immediately from Naples.

On the following day Palombo again visited the house of Signor Ambrosio, and was again conducted to the garden by the fair Veronica, who knew not what had transpired with Caracciolo. Palombo observing a guitar laying in an arbor in the garden, took it up, saying, “fair lady, if it please you, I will sing a song I learned in Palermo from the friend of whom I spoke yesterday.” Veronica expressed a desire to hear it, and Palombo began with the following words, which he had sung to her an hundred times before:

The moon is up, upon the wave
A living glory lies;
And bright the stars in beauty shine
Along the cloudless skies.
Wake, then, oh! lady, wake,
And shame them with thine eyes!

The song and the voice completely bewildered Veronica—and Palombo, disclosing himself, unravelled for her the thread of our story. Thus, in one and the same day, he had the pleasure of being restored to her whom he best loved, and of forgiving and releasing an enemy.

STANZAS.

Bless'd time when mem'ry awakes
The thoughts of happier years,
When hope, like early morning, breaks
From out a mist of tears.
When feelings that have slept too long
Once more are roused to life,
Within the breast where grief and wrong
Have waged a bitter strife.

However lone the penitent,
However slight may seem
The gleam of light that Heaven hath sent
That lone one to redeem;
A holy hand the impulse moulds,
And 'neath affliction's rod,
'Tis thus the way-worn spirit holds
Communion with its God!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

" Yet all alike are men condemn'd to groan.—
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own."—GREY.

PETER BENSON was the son of a miser, who died in the possession of immense wealth, amassed by a life of toil and privation. His son was endowed by nature with great energies, and a firmness of purpose which showed itself whilst yet a child; for he became the terror of his playmates, and the tyrant of all about him. His education was neglected; for his father would have shuddered to spend money on it. His example pointed out to his son, that to get riches was the sole aim of life; his precept was, to guard them at the risk of all but life: and to habituate his heir early to follow his example, he forced him to earn even the pittance for his pocket money. Peter was an apt scholar: at an early age he had actually put his savings out to interest; and his father was so delighted at this trait, that he doubled the amount to confirm him in the habit. That same night the miser died! Was it this solitary instance of liberality that did violence to his nature, and destroyed him!

During a severe illness, some years before, old Benson had been advised to make his will; and he had even consented to send for a lawyer, who, having gone through the usual preamble, waited for his client's instructions: but, after a long pause, ventured to ask the sick man to whom he wished to bequeath his property. The sufferer started up wildly in his bed, exclaiming, "Wish to bequeath!—I wish to bequeath my property?—never, man, never! What! give my life's blood, my soul's recompense!—and," added he (as if struck by the danger of having admitted to a stranger his possession of wealth)—"what have I, a hard-working man, to bequeath?" And so he died without a will, and Peter Benson found himself heir; and, as he thought, without any one to interfere with his administration of this wealth. But he was one morning surprised by the receipt of a letter from his mother, whom he had been led to suppose died during his infancy, and of whom his father never made mention. Interest being the reigning principle of this youth's heart, it was upon

that he reflected ere he allowed himself to grieve or rejoice at this unexpected news. His mother's existence *might* be of incalculable value to him; for, as a minor, he could not take out letters of administration, and he dreaded having a guardian appointed by the law. His mother's being alive, he understood, might render such a step unnecessary. But, then, it was said she would have a right to a share in the property. Of this fact he hoped to keep her ignorant; but as he could not deceive her as to the amount of wealth, would she not expect to be indulged in an expenditure suitable to it? And he groaned as he thought how this would diminish the profits of the concern. His father had vegetated (and even that sparingly); he had never dared to live.

Peter was puzzled how he should reply to his mother's letter without committing himself or his property. At length, he thought it would be best to go to her; if she came to town, he might be expected to fetch her—so the expense must be incurred; and by getting it over at once, he would be able to judge better of her disposition and capabilities to render her an eligible guardian, as far as the name went, of his interests during his minority—the real control of them he intended should remain in his own hands—and he felt the coach-fare almost an excusable expense, as he reflected on the advantages to which his journey might lead. His mother was a poor, sickly-looking woman, whose spirit had been so crushed by oppression and tyranny that she hardly dared speak to her own child. His personal resemblance to his father made her tremble; and it was not long before she perceived the resemblance was not merely personal. He uttered no grief for his lost, nor joy for his new-found parent—money, gain, saving, were all he could talk upon; and when, on bidding her good night, he said, "Mother, I shall never die happy unless I become twice as rich as my father," she felt that the life of toil and mortification she had endured with the father was about to

recommence under the yoke of the son. But she accepted her portion with the devotion of a mother for the good of her offspring; and for six years meekly bore with all the privations her child's parsimony forced on her. During these years he had never once offered his mother a pleasure, an amusement, or a single comfort, that could have drawn a guinea from his purse. His main study was on *how little* could she manage to keep a home for him; and when, on attaining twenty-one, he took the concern *nominally* (as it had all along been *virtually*) into his own hands, she hazarded a request to retire into the country to end her days in quiet, free from the feverish excitement of trade; he remarked "As you please, mother; only I cannot allow you as much as my father did. I mean to increase my business, and every farthing will be wanted; besides, you had money by you when my father died, and therefore must have been able to save out of the provision he made." The poor mother submitted in silence; she had long known that policy and interest had alone kept her son on terms with her; and now, her allowance curtailed to the very lowest pittance, he permitted her to depart; and from that hour her quarterly payments were, for many years, the only evidence of her son's existence, while he was straining every nerve to realise and amass riches: to spend them, to give them, to circulate them, would have been agony.

He thought of marrying; but then his choice must be dictated by the same unvarying rule—his interest. A gentleman, with whom he had formed extensive relations invited him to his country house. He had one daughter, an only child; and Peter Benson became enamoured with—not her beauty, not her sweet and gentle manners—but her expectations. He made proposals to her father, who could not but view with pleasure such a prospect for his child. Peter Benson, the young *millionaire*, the man whose word could make or mar thousands whose existence depended on his nod for employment, this colossus of wealth a suitor to his child—it was a match very far beyond his hopes; and the worthy merchant's sight became dazzled and blinded to the real character of the man who sought his gentle Marian; and she, timid and submissive, yielded to her father's wishes, and gave her consent to to wed Peter Benson.

Every day, after this engagement was formed, inflicted some new trial on the miser's sole feeling. Marian had in the village a school supported entirely at her expense. "What worthless expenditure!" thought he; "but this will cease,—in London we shall have no village-schools to think of." As they walked through the village, he listened with terror to the grateful thanks of many of the poorer classes for money and clothing bestowed by the gentle being whose arm rested on his. Poverty, he knew, was not confined to the country, and the continuance of such folly was not to be thought of. He had spent his best years in incessant toil, in restless drudgery, to get riches *to give them away?*—the thought was horror; and he actually looked at this innocent girl as though she had already been drawing his treasure from its sacred hold.

He had passed a restless night, half spent in repenting of the bold measure which had placed him in such a perilous position, when, on entering the breakfast-room, he found Marian busily perusing a letter with several enclosures. She looked up, and smiling her welcome, said, "I have been waiting for you, Mr. Benson, to assist my judgment as to the best and most effective manner of relieving a poor family, whose distress is really heart-rending. My father's and my own donation of 5*l.* each may be of momentary use; and," added she, "I have ventured to mark a similar sum against your name: but that is not all—" "Not all?" gasped Peter. "No;" said she, (too engrossed by her own benevolent thoughts to remark his manner); "it is but a small part of what I should wish to do. We must find employment for the two boys, who are old enough to exert themselves for the benefit of the others. Will you not undertake this part of the business, Mr. Benson? you must have many facilities for obtaining situations for the poor and destitute." "None, I assure you, Marian; situations now-a-days are worth what they will fetch. No one gives them away—that is, no one who is not a fool or a rogue to himself: besides, I make it a rule never to pay attention to begging-letters; and I have at last found the value of my resolution not to open any—for now I am never pestered with them. Allow me to settle this matter for you." He took the papers from her, placed them in a blank cover, and on the bell being an-

swered, desired that *that* letter might be given to the person waiting.

"And now, Marian," said he, "permit me to request that on all future occasions you will meet such applications in a similar manner." Marian remained silent. She was too hurt and astonished to trust herself to speak; and fearing he had offended her (the vision of her 50,000*l.* stood before him), he endeavoured to make some excuse, by saying all who listen to such idle stories are sure to be deceived. "For my part, I could not bear the feeling of being made a dupe, or as the vulgar call it, being outwitted." "But surely," interrupted Marian, "because there may be some imposture in the world, we are not to set all down as rogues; and if you return every appeal made to your charity, without examining into it, how often may you not have sent away some deserving object, who, had you known the truth, you would have been delighted to befriend?" Delighted to befriend! Peter Benson delight in befriending the poor and needy! little did Marian know the pang, the convulsive shiver, occasioned by the mere supposition of such weakness. The arrival of visitors put an end to the discussion; but the thoughts of both parties dwelt on this scene. She was sorry her father had not been present,—he, who never turned from the poor till he had ascertained whether their poverty arose from guilt or misfortune—he who had taught her that it would be far more conducive to her own peace of mind to relieve two who *might not* be deserving, than to send one innocent victim away, perhaps to perish for want of that aid she could afford to give. Her father had told her to search out the truth, as well as circumstances might permit, but never to suspect (without examination) guilt where virtue seemed possible. Habitually she was charitable in mind, and liberal in her bounty towards others; and her father's advice only made her a wiser dispenser of the gifts placed in her power, without checking the rich stream from whence they flowed.

On leaving the breakfast-table the following morning, Marian was desired by her father to come to his study in half an hour. There was an unusual air of anxiety in his manner when he made this request; and Marian feared it might be to make some arrangement respecting the time of her marriage, and consequent se-

paration from him. Latterly she could not think of the former event without dread; and the alternative had become proportionably fearful to her imagination.

When she entered the study, her father took her by the hand, and placing her on the sofa by him, said, "My dear Marian, I have never found you wanting in candour: tell me, in one word, what caused you to send back the letter we had been perusing together without even a word of kindness to the poor afflicted people we had (as I thought) decided on relieving?"

Marian burst into tears, saying, "Oh, papa, do not look so sternly at me: it was Mr. Benson, who insisted on its being returned;—indeed, it was he who directed and gave it back."

"Bless you, my child! I thought it could never be your act. Your poor old father knew you better; and so I told our amiable young curate, who came to me this morning quite broken-hearted about it. Indeed, I never saw any one more deeply pained than Mr. Villiers appeared to be at this occurrence."

Marian's face was suffused with crimson as she inquired how Mr. Villiers became acquainted with it.

"He told me," replied her father, "that the poor widow (who, it appears, was herself the bearer of the packet), called on him; and, on his proposing to give her a letter to me, she related the heartless rebuff she had just met with."

"Dear papa, do undeceive Mr. Villiers (and she blushed yet more deeply): it would distress me that he should think it my act."

"He does not my child; he did you the justice to believe you must have been dictated to by another: but it is of this other we must now speak. Deal with me frankly, Marian;—after what has passed, what are your feelings towards Mr. Benson?"

Thus called upon, Marian acknowledged that her acceptance of him had been in obedience to what she supposed her father's positive wish; but that nothing in his character since their engagement had made any favorable impression on her: she had many times perceived it to be selfish; and this last act, with his reasoning upon it (which she now repeated), appeared to stamp him as so thoroughly heartless, that she could not now think of their union but with horror."

"Nor shall you think of it any longer:

this very day he shall receive his dismissal. The man, who could thus act, and thus argue, never could deserve you;" and tenderly embracing her, the fond father continued, "who ever will deserve you, my Marian?"

In time to hear the close of this inquiry, Mr. Villiers entered the study; and had either father or daughter looked at him, they would have seen one whose dearest hopes had been fixed on being at some future day considered so, and whose altered looks and suppressed sighs shewed how those hopes had been blighted by hearing of her engagement to *another*.

Peter Benson's rage at the receipt of a letter, which plainly gave him to understand his harshness of opinion and want of liberality had caused his affianced bride to reject him, was unbounded; nor was his disappointment lessened by hearing, within a few weeks, that she had been unexpectedly left a legacy to a large amount, and had thus become one of the richest heiresses of the day. He had hardly recovered from this shock, when news was brought him of a severe conflagration which had destroyed his extensive warehouses in London. No one doubted that a man of his caution would be amply insured: they were not aware of the extent of his parsimony. Though frequently prompted to take this precaution, he could not persuade himself to pay money for that which by possibility might never make him any return.

Loss after loss closely followed on each other; and in every instance this hard-hearted, unsympathising man could trace their origin to some act of brutality, or some niggardly conduct of his own. His health became impaired; and he was nearly driven mad by the clerks in his counting-house sending for a doctor, whom he refused to pay. He became unequal to the daily calls of business; and having always been the active superintendent of his own concerns, things became worse and worse; and all his underlings hated him, and were but too prompt to take advantage of his imbecile state. The nervous fear that he was robbed aggravated the disease under which he labored; and he was hardly to be recognised when he set out, for the second time, in search of his mother. His appeal could not be rejected by that mother's heart. His obdurate nature, his uncharitable mind, were

known to her; but he was her son, and she allowed him to share the scanty pittance he had, in the pride of his wealth and power, almost grudged her.

The village-doctor advised a warm climate; and by the sale of her furniture and other effects, his mother procured the means, and accompanied him abroad. Every day increased his fretful, discontented temper—every day, too, his bodily weakness augmented; and ere they had been a month at Nice, it, it was evident his end was fast approaching; and his mother became anxious that he should see some clergyman, who might, even at that late hour, bring his mind to reflect on those truths of which he never would permit her to speak.

Full of this thought, she one evening stole from his sick couch to make inquiries about the resident minister; but had the disappointment to find he was absent from Nice. Worn out with the fatigue she had undergone, both of body and mind, she was retracing her feeble steps, her tears flowing fast as she reflected how terrible would be her son's last moments, deprived of the only hope she had dared to look for to render them peaceful by prayer and repentance, when she found herself accosted by an Englishman, who had observed her dejected appearance, and now asked if he could be of any service in her distress. On hearing her errand and its disappointment, Villiers (for it was he, who was travelling with his bride, his long-loved Marian, and her father) told her he was a Protestant clergyman, and would accompany her home. Arrived at the sick man's chamber, he gently approached the bed with an expression of sympathy and pity. He did not recognise in the emaciated dying form before him the man he had once slightly known, and whose character he had cordially despised; but Benson's memory was rendered faithful by hatred and fancied wrong; and starting up in bed with the sudden strength of frenzy, he exclaimed, with a dreadful oath, "Out of my sight, thou sycophant! was it not enough to rob me of the girl's money, but you come here to gloat your eyes on my wretchedness, and watch my dying moments?"

"Poor soul, how he raves!" said the terrified mother.

"Raves!" cried the dying man, as he shook his fist with convulsive energy; "do you think I know him not? I tell you,

mother, it is Villiers—it is the fiend who crossed my path to wealth, and who has come to look on his victim ;” and, with an hysterical laugh and an awful blasphemy, Peter Benson ceased to breathe,—unsoftened, unrepentant ; shewing that the possession of wealth, without sympathy of soul and the exercise of benevolence, leads but to misery here, and an awful prospect for hereafter !

As Sir Philip Sydney has said, “ Riches may be considered a treasury of blessings when possessed by the worthy, and an abused good in the hands of the heartless !

The afflicted mother was duly provided for by Marian and her father, and passed the remaining years of her life, in more comfort than she had before known.

AN EPITAPH.

BY JAMES ALDRICH, ESQ.

All that could suffer change and fade,
Of one ’twere sin to weep,
Deep in this wormy bed is laid
In everlasting sleep.

The grassy turf was never spread
Above a gentler breast ;

Oh, bitter, bitter tears were shed,
When she was laid to rest.

Her praise might partial friendship swell
With not unseemly pride ;
But this were vain—enough to tell
She lived, and loved, and died.

THE VOICES OF FUTURITY.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The Pythoness is silent long ;
The Libian deserts hear
No more the voice of Ammon’s fount,
And Judah hath no seer ;
But still the prophet-words appear,
Though darkly, as the scrawl
The mystic hand at midnight traced
Upon the palace wall.

Ah, faint and fitfully they come,
Like music tost in air,
Amid the passing tide of life,
With all its present care :
They whisper to our startled souls,
In murmurs deep and low,
And we hear them in the outer world,
But know not whence they flow.

Are there no wave-born sounds that tell
Where wandering rivers wend ?
Do vallies hear no warning voice
When mountain floods descend ?
To speak the coming waves of Time,
The onward flowing years,
And faint as echoes from afar,
These murmurs reach our ears.

They reach us through the cloudy vale
That covers all before—
The sea that sleeps without a sail—
The yet untrodden shore ;
But tempests darkly brooding there,
Send forth their stormy breath,
Or dim our sunshine with the shades
Of destiny and death.

Ah, voices of Futurity,
Why is it that ye bring
The rushing of the wintry blast,
But not the voice of Spring ?
Perchance to teach us that our course
Is o’er the depths of Fear,
Where Hope should cast no anchor, for
The haven is not here.

THE SCULPTOR OF AVIGNON.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT,
AUTHOR OF "THE PRICE OF FAME."

One only doom ! writ in misfortune's page,
For earth's most highly gifted !

MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

IN the gallery of the château of the Duke De Lorme in Languedoc is an exquisite piece of sculpture, simply inscribed with the name of Jean Malanotti, and bearing no date, but which never fails to rivet the wonder and admiration of all who gaze upon it. The figure is that of a man, a Roman we should say, by the lofty beauty of the head. There is a grandeur on the broad magnificent brow,—a living scorn upon the finely-moulded lip,—while the attitude appears at once simple and majestic. Cold and pale as it stands, there is yet a strange semblance of reality about the whole figure, and one longs to be able to decipher the scroll held in its nervous grasp, as though it would tell the history of this singular *chef-d'œuvre* of art.

"Jean Malanotti,—I never remember to have heard the name before," said Mademoiselle Aubertin, one of the guests whom the old Duke loved at all times to gather round his hospitable board.

"No, it is one unknown to fame ; this is the only work that survives him."

"He is dead then ?"

"Yes, the gifted for the most part die young !" replied De Lorme, with mournful earnestness, as he turned hastily away.

No more was said upon the subject at the time, but in the evening as we gathered around the fire, and grew silent in watching it leap up, and flash fitfully on the tapestried walls of the old hall, the Lady Henriette climbed her grandfather's knee, and asked him in a whisper to tell us the story of Jean Malanotti.

"Nay, dearest, it is too sad a tale for you to listen to," said the Duke, kissing her fondly.

"But I like melancholy stories," persisted the child ; and as we were all just then of her opinion, our kind host consented to oblige us, although the relation in which he had borne a prominent part, evidently gave him pain to recall.

"It is now better than twenty years ago that I had occasion to pass through Avignon on a visit to a friend, and yet every thing comes back to my recollection as

vividly as though it were but yesterday. The crimson sunset, the low vine-wreathed cottage, the silvery Rhone sparkling in the distance, and even the balmy breath of the flowers which grew there in such sweetness and profusion. A boy, apparently about eight or nine years old, was sitting before the door moulding figures of a coarse yellow kind of clay ; while his companion, a child of great beauty (the females of Avignon are celebrated for their loveliness), sat with her large dark eyes fixed wonderingly on his proceedings, or received the rude images when finished with a shout of joy. Neither perceived my approach, and I stood watching them for several moments unobserved.

"Now make *me*," said the child, handing him a fresh lump of clay.

"Ah ! I fear that you have set me a difficult task, Geneviève," replied the young lover, with an admiring look ;—"you are so beautiful !"

Geneviève shook back the ringlets from her bright face, and smiled coquettishly, as though, young as she was, she was perfectly aware of the fact, but still persisted in her request, and in a short time the boy had moulded a figure which, though rude and unfinished in the extreme, was full of natural and childish grace.

"I am sure I have not such thick legs as that," said the girl, glancing down at her slender ankles.

"That can be easily altered," replied the young artist with quiet patience ; nor did he cease his occupation further than to raise the ragged cap from his curly head, with the ready courtesy so peculiar to the peasantry of France, even when I had advanced and stood before him.

"What is your name, my child ?" I inquired.

"Jean Malanotti, and this is Geneviève"

"Your sister, I suppose ?"

"No, not my real sister, although I love her as much as if she was," and the little girl catching the fond expression of his eyes, came and hid her bashful face upon his shoulder.

"And who taught you to mould these figures, Jean?"

"No one; I taught myself!"

I was struck with the boy's answer, as well as by the bold determined glance that met mine.

"You are a genius then?"

Jean shook his head: he evidently did not know the meaning of the term.

"Are your parents living?" I inquired.

"My father is within there," said the boy, pointing to the humble, but picturesque looking cottage before which he sat; "and I have no mother!"

There were traces of tears in his large eyes, but he turned away that I might not observe them, and spoke cheerfully to Geneviève; while impelled by a stronger feeling than that of mere curiosity, I entered the dwelling he had pointed out to me.

Malanotti, as I afterwards learned, was a native of Italy, who several years ago coming over to Avignon, had married and settled there. He was a skillful gardener, and in his leisure hours pursued the business of a watchmaker, for which he seemed to have a natural bent; but it was a trade, he told me, at which little or nothing could be got in Avignon.

"Your son is a noble looking fellow!" said I.

The father's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, Jean is well enough, but sadly idle. I do think that if I did not rouse him occasionally, that he would lie dreaming away half his time beneath the trees instead of pruning them, making a thousand useless and fantastic figures."

"He should be a sculptor," said I; "he has a fine genius!"

Malanotti laughed harshly.

"No, monsieur, depend upon it that when the son of a poor man takes to any thing of this sort, he, nine times out of ten, turns out in the end to be a vagabond and a beggar. I am determined Jean shall give up these vagaries, and learn an honest calling."

"And what do you purpose making him?"

"A gardener like his father," replied the old man briefly.

"But even you, I perceive, are not ashamed to follow at times a more gentle craft," replied I, glancing around the apartment.

"True," said Malanotti, "and in like

manner, in his leisure hours, Jean may continue to make his images."

Much longer we talked, but the old Italian was not to be softened, and I was compelled to leave my little favorite, around whom my ardent imagination had already thrown the halo of romance, and destined for mighty things, to his humble lot. And yet when I called to mind his happy countenance, and the joyful music of his laughter, and remembered how he was all in all to his stern father, and the little Geneviève, I should have forborne to grieve.

Better than three years passed before I again visited Avignon, but Jean knew me at once, and encouraged by my former praises hastened to produce his little store. There was the same vigour of style, softened down by more mature judgment, and some of them, I do not hesitate to say, would not have disgraced the work shop of the first statuary in France. He told me that he was learning gardening, but his father admitted that he made but little progress, and talked of putting him apprentice to a relation of his mother's, a stocking-weaver in the neighborhood.

"Would you not like to learn how to make your favorite images out of real marble?" asked I.

Malanotti frowned, but the boy's eyes sparkled and his brow flushed.

"And who is to pay for all this?" said the Italian.

"Leave that to me," replied I, while Jean caught my hand, and, in spite of my resistance, drew it passionately to his lips.

"Let me go father!" whispered he, "who knows but I may yet live to make our name famous."

"If you do not disgrace it I shall be well contented," replied the old man, doggedly, "what can the son of a gardener know of sculpture?"

"Father," said Jean firmly, "you have told me that the famous bridge of Avignon was undertaken and commenced by St. Benezet, a common shepherd boy."

"Well, well," exclaimed Malanotti, a little softened by the remembrance, "be it so, I yield up all claim upon your time, this gentleman is answerable for your future fate."

Jean uttered a sudden cry of pleasure, he even leapt for joy; but amidst all his grateful acknowledgements the old man's words fell heavily on my heart, and I felt

the awful responsibility I had undertaken ; but still abstained from a false sense of honor from drawing back while there was yet time, and leaving him to his present humble but happy lot ; and yet God knows, I acted throughout for the best.

It was agreed that Jean should quit Avignon almost immediately, and be placed at my expence under the tuition of an eminent sculptor, and though his heart bounded at the thought, and was filled to overflowing with all those wild ambitious hopes and aspirations which haunt at such times the busy fancy of the young, he could not part from the beautiful little playfellow of his childhood without bitter tears.

"You will forget me," said Geneviève, who hung weeping upon his neck as though she too truly forboded that they should never be to each other again what they then were.

"Believe it not, dear one ! but rather comfort yourself with the hope of my speedy return. Who knows, my little Geneviève, but what you may yet be the wife of one of the first sculptors in France ?"

The girl smiled faintly at her lover's wild prophecy, and then wept again at the thought of the many years that must elapse before it could come to pass.

Sanguine as I was with regard to my young *protégé*, his rapid success far exceeded every expectation I could have formed. His whole soul seemed concentrated in his new profession, at which he worked day and night with untiring zeal, until his return for a few weeks to his native city became absolutely necessary for the restoration of his health. Malanotti, although proud of the rising talents of his son, was shocked at the change that had come over him in so short a time, and scarcely recognised his sturdy and light-hearted boy, in the pale and thoughtful student. Geneviève wept when alone at the thought of the wan cheek and heavy eyes of her youthful playmate, although in his presence she smiled as sweetly as of old. And even Jean himself was restless and uneasy, deeming every moment as lost which kept him away from his studies. How differently had my ardent imagination pictured this homeward visit.

"Jean is very ill," said Geneviève timidly, the day before our departure.

"I think so indeed, child, but fear not,

he shall have the best advice France can procure."

"It is rest he wants," said the girl vehemently, "he is destroying himself day by day ! He will die, and then what is to become of his old father and me ?" and she hid her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

"Now God forbid !" I exclaimed, but her words haunted me,— "he will die !"

To avert this fearful doom I resolved to proceed at once to Rome, taking Jean with me as well for change of climate as to improve and foster his taste for the beautiful. But this excursion only served to increase his enthusiasm, and not contented with imitating, he burned to surpass every thing that he saw.

Years passed away, the sculptor with whom I had placed him could teach him no more, and pale and attenuated, Jean Malanotti returned to breathe once more the pure air of his native village. His father had grown old and feeble, and although I took care he should want for nothing that money could procure, still the dutiful attentions of his son would have done more than all my bounty to soothe his passage to the tomb. Night after night the aged Italian sat alone in his cheerless cottage, while Jean pursued his solitary calling in an adjoining dwelling, and yet there were times when his heart smote him for his neglect, and kneeling at his father's feet he would humbly entreat his forgiveness.

"I am working for us both," he would say ; "I am working to make the name of Malanotti great, not only in Avignon, but over all France and the world ! Years ago I promised that it should be so."

"I would rather see you happy, my son."

"Happy, am I not so now ? Oh, most happy !" and it was beautiful to mark the flush upon his pale cheeks, and the fire of his brilliant eyes.

Even Geneviève sought in vain to lure him from his unceasing labors, and again applied to me ; but I had lost all power over my wayward pupil, and the poor girl, almost heartbroken, returned to the rude studio of the sculptor, and silent and motionless, sat at his feet and watched the gradual work of creation and decay going on together, as the statue grew in beauty beneath the touch of his powerful genius.

It was a glorious evening as I sat alone with the aged Malanotti, my anxiety for Jean not permitting me to quit Avignon. For a long time we had both remained silent, probably thinking of the same object; at length the old man pointed feebly to a group of peasants, who had paused beneath the window.

"You see that youth?" exclaimed he, pointing to a ruddy and healthy-looking lad, who appeared to be dividing an exquisite bouquet of choice flowers among three dark-eyed girls, perhaps his sisters, or one might have been dearer still, for I observed that he carefully singled out the best for her. "It is Peter Garonne—he is a gardener!"

There was a keen reproach conveyed in these few words, and I dared not reply to them.

Malanotti leant back in his chair, and covered up his eyes with his long, thin fingers; but the glad laughter of the young peasants fell mockingly on my ears, and I was glad when they moved away. Presently Jean entered the room, his very step had grown feeble.

"It will soon be finished!" exclaimed he, with flashing eyes; "even Geneviève thinks it will be grand. But does my father sleep?"

"I think not, Jean."

The young man knelt down gently beside his chair, and took one of those pale withered hands in his.

"How cold!" said he, "almost as cold and white as my beautiful statue. Speak to me, father!"

But the old man never spoke again—he was dead; and I thanked Heaven that it happened as it did, before worse things came to pass.

It was hoped, now that the being for whom he had professed to toil was no more, that Jean would cease his exertions for a time, but it was not so. He had but deceived himself and others in giving any reason for his devotion to his profession, but an intense and burning love of it which nothing could control.

Even Geneviève, patient and breathless as she used to sit and watch him, was no longer admitted, lest her presence might distract his attention; but I continued to cheer the poor girl with hopes that the completion of his work would put an end at once to all this.

"Another day," exclaimed Jean to me

at length, "one more day, and the name of Malanotti will be immortal!"

I pressed his burning hand, and tried to congratulate him, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"However this end," said he, gratefully, "it will be all your work!"

And he heeded not how I shuddered, and shrunk away from his acknowledgments.

That evening I concealed myself in Malanotti's studio, in order to be witness to the triumphs of my *protégé* on the completion of his great work. It was that which you saw this morning in my gallery, and which for grandeur of expression has never perhaps been surpassed. It was finished, and the young artist stood before it with dilated eyes and bloodless lips.

"Speak!" said he, stretching out his clasped hands towards the beautiful but senseless being of his own creation; "speak, I say—for I am sure you can!"*

"Jean exclaimed I, advancing towards him; but he heard me not, continuing to invoke the statue by his nights and days of toil, to speak to him, if it was but one word!

In vain I strove to lure him away, to sooth this terrible excitement. The pale and feeble student seemed on a sudden to be possessed with a giant's strength, and my cries as we struggled together at length brought some of the neighbors to the spot, and in all probability was the means of saving my life, so fierce was the maniac's grasp upon my throat.

After the lapse of a few days, during which he got worse and worse, it was thought advisable to send him to a mad-house where he remained for several months unvisited by a single glimpse of reason, and raving unceasingly of his great work.

When he became somewhat calmer, I took the poor heartbroken Geneviève to see her lover, but he had lost all memory of her, and her wild and passionate endearments fell unheeded on his ear.

Never shall I forget that day; Jean had been permitted to leave the confinement of his chamber, and wander through the spacious grounds belonging to the Establishment, followed at a distance by one of the keepers, and at the time of our visit he was moulding a small figure with the snow

* The great Florentine sculptor Donatello, is said to have uttered a similar exclamation on the completion of his famous statue of Judith.

which he scraped and dug up with his long nails from the half-frozen ground; his dark matted hair streaming wildly over his shoulders, and his eyes burning as it were with an intense brightness. He appeared disturbed at our presence, and we were reluctantly compelled to withdraw.

It was the last time I ever beheld Jean Malanotti; that night he became worse than ever, and died in a few hours raving mad! The frail temple so long shattered had given way at length, and the weary spirit was at rest!

The Duke De Lorme paused, deeply agitated; while the little Henriette crept up to him and sobbed aloud on his bosom.

"It is but right to inform you," said the duchess, turning to us, "that the mother of Jean Malanotti died mad; and therefore the disease was in part hereditary, although no doubt brought on with increased

violence by the circumstances just related."

"After all," said the Lady Henriette, "it was better to die as poor Jean did, and have his name famous for ages, than remain a common gardener, or a stocking-weaver, perhaps, with no higher hopes than of selling his rude clay figures at the yearly fair of Avignon."

"And yet he was happiest then," observed her grandfather.

"I would rather be great!" persisted the child.

This is the rock on which the young are so apt to split.

"But what became of poor Geneviève?" asked Henriette, after a pause.

"She is still alive; grief does not kill, my child!"

"It would be better I think if it did!" said the little lady, earnestly; and so ended the story of Jean Malanotti."

TO JANE.

BY I. V. Z.

I love in some sequester'd wild
To be, where none have been;
Where nature, like an artless child,
In truthfulness is seen.

The untrain'd vines and native flow'rs
To me are far more fair,
Than those pent up in garden bow'r's,
To pine in city air.

The birds that soar on freedom's wing,
Above the loftiest spires,
Delight me more than those that sing
Encaged in gilded wires.

And such, my young and artless Jane,
Th' affection giv'n to thee,
No wily arts could ever gain
The love thou'st won from me.

It is thy childish, guileless heart—
Thy innocence and glee,
That have become the dearest part
Of all that's dear to me.

And though thy life is in its spring,
And mine is past its bloom;
Too soon will thine be ripening—
Mine gather'd in the tomb.

I love thee for thy stainless youth—
Thou'rt pure as nature's own;
For childhood bears the rose of truth,
Where ne'er a thorn has grown.

Oh, Innocence! how sweet art thou
Within a young maid's breast!
Where virtue sits upon the brow
And passions are at rest!

THE SABBATH DAY.

How sweetly shines this Sabbath morn!
What healing to the soul it brings!
No sounds upon the air are borne,
Save gentle Nature's whisperings,
The swallow skimming o'er the grave,
The loosen'd cattle, loitering round;
The hymning grove, the journeying stream,
Alone disturb the calm profound.
O'er the high vault of stainless blue
Light snowy fleeces float serene,
Like hov'ring spirits, pleas'd to view
The stillness of the Sabbath scene.

Labor, retir'd in cottage nook,
Withdraws to solemn thought awhile,
And leans him on the sacred Book
That strengthens for his weekly toil.
E'en wanton Leisure, burthen'd oft,
Mid toys and trifles, which to choose,
Receives in peace the summons soft
On higher, holier themes to muse,
Tears, that have flow'd for wrong or guile,
Thoughts, rudely jarr'd or sorely wrought,
The week-day's cares, the week-day's toil,
On Sunday's bosom are forgot.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

"Those who have trod the field of war, and stained
Their hands in blood, and steeled their hearts to woe
And stanch'd compassion, yet may haply know
That there are moments, when the pallid corse
Death has just triumph'd o'er, will wake remorse."

HORACE GWYNNE.

"The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became a boast;—*One* murder made a villain,
Millions a Hero!"

PORTEUS.

THE foe had fled—the fearful strife had ceased—
And shouts arose of mockery and joy,
As the loud trumpet's wild exulting voice
Proclaimed the victory! With weary tread,
But spirit undepress'd, the Victors passed
On to the neighboring Citadel, nor deemed,
Nor recked they, in that moment's pride, of aught
But glory won. Or if a transient thought
Recalled the fallen brave, 'twas like the cloud
That flits o'er Summer's brow—a passing shade!

Yet on the battle-plain how many lay
In their last dreamless sleep! And there were those
Who vainly struggled in the mighty grasp
Of that stern conqueror—Death! The fitful throes
Of parting life, at intervals, would wring
E'en from the proudest heart, the piercing cry
Of mortal agony! In pain I sunk,
Worn and disabled, mid the dead and dying.
Night's shadows were around—the sickly moon,
Dim and discolored, rose, as though she mourned
To gaze upon a scene so fraught with woe!

And there was *One* who passed me at this hour,
A form familiar to my memory,
From long-departed years. For we had met
In early youth, with feelings unconcealed,
And passions unrepressed. E'en then he seemed
The bane of every joy. His brow grew pale
At boyhood's happy voice and guileless smile,
As though they mock'd him. Now he sternly mark'd
My well-remembered face, yet lingered not.
There was a taunt upon his haughty lip,
A fiery language in his scowling eye,
My proud heart ill could brook!

E'en like a vision of the fevered brain,
His image haunted me—and urged to madness—
And when exhausted Nature sunk to rest,
The blood-red sod my couch, the tempest-cloud
My canopy, my bed-fellows the dead,
My lullaby the moaning midnight wind,
I had a *Dream*—a strange bewildered dream,
And *he* was with me!

Methought I heard the Messenger of Death
Tell of another world, while awful shrieks
Of wild despair, and agony, and dread,
Shook the dark vault of heaven!—Suddenly
Deep silence came—and all the scene was changed,
Insufferable radiance glared around
And mocked the dazzled eye. In robes of light
High on a gorgeous throne, appeared a form
Of pure Celestial Glory! In deep awe
A silent and innumerable throng
Of earth-born warriors bowed. That form sublime,

In these benign and memorable words,
Breathed holy consolation.—"Ye that owned
Religion for your Leader, and revered
The Family of Man, and toiled and bled
For Liberty and Justice! Ye have fought
A glorious fight, had gained a glorious meed,—
A bright inheritance of endless joy—
A Home of endless rest!"

Now straight appeared,
With lineaments divinely beautiful,
Fair shapes of bright wing'd beings, holy guides
To realms of everlasting peace and love!
Alas! how few of that surrounding host
Were led to happier worlds! That hallowed band
In radiant light departed; but the Form
That sat upon the Throne, now sternly rose
With clouded brow, and majesty severe,
And this dread judgment gave (while darkness wrapt
The strange and unimaginable scene)—
"He that can love not Man loves not his God!
And, lo! his image ye have dared to mar
In hate and exultation, and for this
Shall ceaseless strife, and agonies of death,
Be your eternal doom!"

Now with triumphant howls of mockery,
More horrible than shuddering Fancy hears
Raising dread echoes in the charnel vault,
Uprose the Fiends of Hell! and urged us on,
Through paths of fearful gloom, till one broad plain,
Of endless space, burst on the startled eye!
In the dim distance glittered shafts of war;—
Despair's wild cry, and Hate's delirious shout,
The din of strife, and shrieks of agony,
Came on the roaring blast! A mighty voice
Piercing the dissonance infernal, cried
"On to the *Hell of Battle*, and the war
Coeval with Eternity." That voice,
Whose sound was thunder, breathed resistless spells,
For, wrought to sudden phrenzy, on we rushed
To join the strife of millions.

One alone
Amid that countless throng mine eye controlled,
His was the form I loved not in my youth,
And cursed in after years. We madly met—
A wild thrust reached him. Then he loudly shrieked
And imprecated Death—alas! in vain!—
To yield the final pang! With unquenched rage
He turned again on his eternal foe
In fierce despair!—But he was victor now—
And in unutterable pain—I woke!

'Twas morning—and the sun's far-levelled rays
Gleamed on the ghastly brows and stiffened limbs
Of those that slumbered—ne'er to wake again!

THE GARDEN.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"See how the flow'rs, as at parade,
Under their colours stand display'd;
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip pink and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, which to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their staves the ensigns furl'd.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as centinel, is shut."

ANDREW MARVELL.

"NAY, nay, dear grandmother, you must not find fault with my formality in gardening. I am not formal in anything else, am I? Let me, therefore, be prim and precise in this. I love, to my very heart, the old English taste in horticulture—its neat, square shrubberies; its wide gravel walks crossing each other at right angles; its numerous parterres, each of which is devoted to one kind of flower; its clipped hedges, its well-shaven lawn, its primitive time-keeper (the sun-dial), its statues, and the sparkling gush of its fountains. A garden is essentially a thing of art, and should look artful. Is not every plant, in its present exuberant beauty, the result of man's elaborate handicraft and daily-renewed culture? Why then should we, according to modern caprice, strive to give to our gardens an appearance of the irregularity of untamed nature, and place our delicate, and (so to speak) *highly-educated* floral children in mimic wildernesses? Such a style is discordant in itself; and, moreover, is not in keeping with the sentiment of *home*, from which a garden is inseparable."

These were the words of Lucy Sumner, as she and her grandmother were walking during the sunny pauses of an April shower, in the spacious garden belonging to the latter. Our young lady's remark involved an often-discussed subject of smiling dispute; and it was not a little curious to find the staid and old-fashioned system of horticulture defended by a giddy girl, while the anomalies of the new taste—the neglect of order and method—should possess, in an aged woman, a zealous advocate.

"You know, my dear Lucy," said Mrs. Cleveland, with a smile, "that I have placed the garden so entirely under your management, that old Simon will hardly

obey the most trifling direction for me; and that I have seen, with exemplary patience, the transformation of my serpentine alleys into straight walks, and my winding parterres into plots of rigid squareness. Still, you have not made me a convert to the taste of our forefathers. I am a resolute landscape-gardener, and shall never be reconciled to your perpetual angles and parallelograms."

"Do what you will, my good grandmamma," returned Lucy, "the glorious features of an open landscape can never be attained in an enclosed garden, however ample may be its dimensions. Keep a garden to its own proper characteristics, and the feeling it inspires is exquisite in its way; it tells of home, security, ease, elegance, culture, and competence. Now, in my opinion, all these are contradicted by tangled thickets and undisciplined avenues, not to mention the harbor afforded by such places to snails and other destroyers of garden-labor; and this, let me tell you, is no small matter. Old Simon said the other day that since the ground had been metamorphosed under my direction, his seedlings had thriven more healthily than before. They have now abundant sun and air, and are free from the destructive nibblings of slugs."

"Well, well, my dear," replied Mrs. Cleveland, "I have given you your way, and you shall have it. Only let me stipulate for one thing—namely, that you do not carry your love of the formal to such an extremity, as to order Simon to clip my evergreens into figures of birds and beasts, according to your 'good old English taste.'"

"That, dear grandmamma, was the *bad* old English taste, and was never practised except by the vulgar. Lord Bacon, who, you know, has given directions for the for-

mation of a garden in the artificial style, says, 'I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper, or other garden stuff; they be for children.' Yet, he admires broad and stately alleys, long and level perspectives, urns and statues, velvet lawns, and flower-beds marshalled into systematic array. Sir William Temple, too, with whom (as he has been dead 150 years) I may say I am in love on account of his handsome face, insists on regularity of device in horticulture. 'The best figure of a garden,' observes he, 'is either a square or an oblong.' To illustrate his doctrine, he has given a glowing description of the pleasure-grounds at Moor Park. Hertfordshire, made under the direction of the Countess of Bedford, that estimable lady, in celebration of whom Donne the poet has written so many verses. After speaking of the long and wide gravel walk, the border set with standard laurels at equal distances, (which have the beauty of orange-trees,) the parterres divided into quarters, the fountains, statues, and summer-houses, he adds, 'Among us the beauty of planting is placed chiefly in some certain *proportions, symmetries, or uniformities*; our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances.' I, dear grandmamma, am precisely of his faction."

"Ah, Lucy," responded the old lady, "had Sir William Temple, who, as our ambassador, lived much in Holland, where, no doubt, he acquired his prim taste in gardening,—had he advocated the opposite style, his handsome *face* (so influential with you and with young ladies in general) would have carried the question triumphantly, and my Lucy would have been a landscape gardener."

"No, no," returned Lucy; "you forget my other champions: Milton, who talks of

'Retired leisure,
That in *trim* gardens takes his pleasure;'

and the intellectual Cowley, who, in his unrivalled poem on a garden, has these noble lines: (I have learnt them by heart, and never shall forget them:)—

'Although no part of mighty nature be
More stored with beauty, power and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.
In other things we count art to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To nature, and but imitate her well;
It overrules, and is her master here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does
refine?"

Then we have also on our side fine-hearted Andrew Marvell, with his verses about 'the flowers as *at parade*;' and Evelyn, who brought his high philosophy to bear even on hortulan subjects. Chaucer, and Shakspeare, too, belong to us, not to mention Sir Thomas Browne."

"You overcome me, my dear," said Mrs. Cleveland, "with your authorities, and I have scarcely any to oppose to them because I am not given, as you are, to never-ceasing investigations on the subject. But I may just observe, though I have not your memory in quotation, that Evelyn lived in the reign of Charles II., when the French taste, which dictated the preposterous conceits of Versailles, was uppermost in everything; and that Andrew Marvell has written an invective against gardens."

"True," returned Lucy; "you must remember, however, that his reproaches are put into the mouth of a mower. You had better at once yield the prize to me, for I have a strong array of other names to bring forward as an army of reserve against you. But, see, here comes Simon, with a dutiful report of his proceedings for April."

The old man, followed by an under-gardener, now advanced, and begged the ladies would be kind enough to inspect his preparations for the spring.

"Your ladyships," said he, with the old-fashioned prodigality on the part of servants in bestowing honors, "have not been abroad much of late, seeing that the blustering March winds would have been too much for you; I hoped, however, that this soft April day would tempt you forth. May I be so bold as to ask if you will come and see my flower-beds? You have lost the crocuses and snow-drops; but other bulbs are now appearing, which more than make amends. Your ladyships need not be afraid of damp from the shower that has just ceased. Our broad walks have thrown off the moisture, and are now quite dry to the feet."

With a significant and triumphant glance at Mrs. Cleveland, who met it by an arch smile, Lucy told the gardener that she and her grandmother would follow him. Passing by a bed of violets, which had not yet ceased blooming, and which gave out their odours on the mild and moist air, Simon conducted the ladies to his parterres of hyacinths, tulips, ranunculuses, and

anemones, now beginning to blossom; and, drawing from the hoops the matted covering, revealed a world of gaudy beauty. Each sort of plants had a bed to itself. Peonies, with their large buds not yet expanded, were seen by the side of groups of lilies whose green, lusty stalks, were fast advancing to maturity. The sword-shaped leaves of the gladiolus were high above ground; and the jonquils and narcissuses seemed ready to disclose their crisp and delicate bells. On the lawn, was seen the early mazereon, one mass of purple flowers; while further on, in the well-kept shrubbery, the eye was charmed with the splendid bloom of the almond-

tree, and the white chalices of the double-flowering cherry. Beauty was visible everywhere—beauty united with promise of still greater loveliness; a fascination peculiar to the month of April.

Simon was about to descant on his mode of treating the plants, with which our companions would have been greatly edified, when, with the fickleness of April, the sky was suddenly overcast, and Mrs. Cleveland and her youthful and enthusiastic companion were compelled to avoid the coming shower, by a rapid retreat towards the house, where, no doubt, they renewed their argument for and against the old stately style of English gardening.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN GIBSON, ESQ.

“What welcome to the Spring is shewn!
Rich-sounding pæans fill the sky!
The cuckoo’s mellow monotone
Answers the wryneck’s herald-cry;
The storm-thrush sings ’mid flying showers;
The lark’s voice, hush’d in gloomier hours,
Rings down the wind from far:
Hark! the swift swallow’s lively cries,
Whilst our old guest ’neath snowy skies—
The robin—pipes from morning-rise
To evening’s latest star.
The plover’s wailing note is heard;
The bittern’s boom in marshy grounds;
Clamours the speckled forest-bird;
The crane his trumpet shrilly sounds;
Hares in the grass half-buried play,
Leaving dark foot-tracks all their way
Under the scatter’d dews;

The heifer’s low breaks on the ear,
And, running, ’mongst the straggling brere,
The long-wool’d sheep, with cry of fear,
Its truant lamb pursues.

And hark the black-and-golden bee,
Blythe trumpeter of vernal time!
Beats round and round the blossom’d lea,
Or settles in the budding lime;
Towards rushy pools the dragon-fly,
Like a fairy javelin hurtles by;
The buzzing sand-wasp’s heard;
And spotted moths—shy creatures they!
Spring from deep flowers, and sail away
With zigzag flight through all the day.
Baffling the chasing bird.

Then welcome, Spring, whose bounteous hours
Crown earth with riches night and day.”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Sweet lady, do not bid me take
The harp, too wont to breathe of sadness,
Alas! the tones that I should wake
Would only mar thy festive gladness:
It is not in the lighted hall,
Amidst the youthful and the gay,
That notes like mine should sadly fall,
To chase the young heart’s light away!
Then, lady, do not bid me take
The harp, so wont to breathe of sadness;
Alas! the tones that I should wake,
Would only mar thy festive gladness!

I would not dim the flame of joy
From lovely eyes so brightly streaming;
I would not have my song destroy
The dream of love, though ’tis but dreaming:
I would not have thee turn away
From vows deep felt and fondly spoken,
Or think that hopes must all decay,
Because one minstrel’s heart is broken:
Then, lady, do not bid me take
The harp, too wont to breathe of sadness;
Alas! the tones that I should wake,
Would only mar thy festive gladness!

JUSTINE.

A FRENCH TALE.

It was on a pedestrian tour through the southern provinces of France, that I was one evening surprised by the approach of darkness, while yet uncertain as to the distance of the village where I purposed to sleep, or, indeed, whether I might not have strayed from the path I had been directed to pursue. Not the beautiful tints that yet lingered in the golden west, nor the delicious fragrance that breathed around me, could wholly dispel that vague feeling of uneasiness which pervades the mind on being overtaken by night in a strange and lonely spot. It was a relief, therefore, to hear, at no great distance behind, a French air whistled in tones that seemed to spring from a light and jocund heart; and I gladly awaited the approach of the traveller,—a fine martial-looking youth in soldier's habiliments, with a knapsack strapped at his back,—who doffed his cap on perceiving me, saluting me at the same time with the frank and free air of his nation. In reply to my inquiries he informed me, that he was bound to the village of which I was in quest; “but had it been otherwise,” continued he, “I should have felt it as much a duty as a pleasure to have guided a gentleman and a stranger.”

“Yet I had been loth,” I replied, “to trespass on the time of one who is probably returning home after a long absence.”

“Nearly three years,” said he; “but my campaigns are now ended, and it is my present hope to find happiness in the bosom of my native village.”

“Meaning, of course, that which we are now approaching?”

“No,” he answered, “not exactly—my home lays a league to the right. Monsieur would probably remember a path that turned aside through a thick grove of limes.”

“I recollect it well,” I replied; “for I was near going astray at that very point, the road looked so inviting;—but how is it you have passed your proper way? if on my account, a simple direction——”

“No;” he returned, laughing and hesitating a little—“home was dear, and pa-

rents were dear; but yet he had a strange desire to see ——”

“One dearer yet!—You are an enviable fellow,” I exclaimed, “whom so much happiness awaits, while I may be well content to gain the shelter of an auberge sorry enough perhaps.”

“Sorry! no, no—he would challenge all France to produce so delightful an auberge as that to which he was conducting me: the old woman was the best and kindest of creatures, and for Justine”—he paused and wiped his brow.

“Well, for Justine?” said I.

“She is just the loveliest and dearest girl that ever beamed goodness from a bright eye! In short, Monsieur, for why should I hide a feeling of which I am proud, Justine is that one person whom I long to see.”

“A betrothed mistress, I suppose?”

“No! she was too young when I joined the army—scarcely fifteen! and I—what had I to offer but an honest heart? and though I loved her better than life, as I might never have returned, you know, it had been ungenerous to betray her into a promise that she would have repented, perhaps, after I was gone!”

“Very just and honorable,” I observed.

“Hark, Monsieur!” he exclaimed, “they are dancing—some gala-day—a wedding, perhaps!” He paused and attempted to laugh, but did not succeed. “Hush! it is all over now—all over! What am I saying? it may, indeed, be over!”

“Let us at least proceed,” said I, seeing him stand mute and motionless.

“Monsieur is right—it were well to know the worst at once. Oh that we had been half an hour sooner!”

A few minutes now brought us to the hamlet, beautifully and pastorally situated by the side of a rapid stream, whose murmuring harmonized sweetly with the stillness and serenity of the hour. A few minutes more, and we were at the door of the auberge.

“Excuse me, Monsieur?” and Henri pressing on my arm with a hand that

trembled with emotion—"who knows what may have happened! I have a strange fancy to look in at the window. Ha! there sits Justine herself—her dark hair braided with flowers—she cannot—(he paused for breath)—she cannot be a bride; yet that wreath looks like a bridal coronal! No, no—it is not so—she weeps—oh! that I might kiss away those tears!—and besides, there is no man in the cottage, after all—only the good old woman hanging over her. Monsieur had better proceed."

We entered the cottage, where our arrival seemed to work an immediate change. If Justine had been weeping, her tears were fled. Henri was welcomed with enthusiasm as an old and valued friend; and both mother and daughter were instantly active and solicitous in the service of a stranger and a traveller. Justine in particular, in spite of her holiday array, bestirred herself to spread forth a supper, from which, however, she fled with precipitation on the hinted fears of Henri as to her marriage; and I even thought I perceived a convulsive shudder run through her frame.

"Do not say that again," cried the old woman, pressing his hand, "it cuts my poor Justine to the heart!"

"Plague on my tongue!" exclaimed Henri, "I would not wound her feelings for the world."

"I know it, my dear boy, and therefore I will tell you all; and why should I mind Monsieur—we who are innocent of wrong have nothing to conceal:—the truth then is, that Arnaud—you remember Arnaud, Henri?"

"Aye, aye," returned the soldier impatiently, "for no good though!"

"Well, it was about last fall that he began to notice Justine, and from that he grew more particular, till at last —"

"Mother, say not that Justine loves him, for he—he never loved any but himself, and though he be wealthy —"

"Alack! wealthy he is not, for his vineyards were all blighted," said the old woman; "but Justine looked not for wealth."

"And if she looked for worth, she found it not," cried Henri indignantly.

"It is but too true," replied the dame; "Justine read not in his beaming eyes a mean and selfish heart! She listened and believed—and—this should have been her

wedding-day:—hush, hush, Henri, let her not hear you!—Justine, my love, you will find the freshest grapes at the end of the garden. But men's vows, continued the old woman, are like the wind; and Arnaud was wedded this morning to a richer girl—yet oh, for worth, there is none like my poor child!"

"The villain!" exclaimed Henri involuntarily, assuming a menacing gesture.

"Alas!" cried the mother, on whom this action was not lost—"the One who sees all, punishes and rewards; and oh, that he had looked on my darling this day, never complaining even by a look, but with her own sweet hands decking the hair of the bride, aye, and this very evening dancing on the green when her heart was like to break! But oh, when it was all ended, and they were gone to their home—that cottage, Monsieur, by the stream—you may see it now by the light of the moon, with the alders trembling round it,—then, then her heart sunk! But the sight of an old friend," turning to Henri, "and even the pleasure of preparing our humble supper for a stranger may do much, and Heaven will give the rest!"

The old woman's tears fell fast as she spoke; but Henri, overpowered by the suddenness and variety of his emotions, was scarcely sad, though silent. At this moment Justine returned, so pale, yet serene, that but for what I had heard, I should have imputed her sweet gravity to a natural sedateness alone. But for Henri the board was spread in vain. He started up.

"You will not leave us to-night!" said the widow.

"I have not yet seen my parents! Farewell, mother—farewell, dear Justine!"

She turned not away from his offered salute; she even pressed his hand; but it was a sisterly pressure only, in which no warmer feeling had place. I saw by his countenance that he was aware of this, and that it added wings to the speed with which he left the cottage.

My repast ended, I retired to a small but exquisitely neat chamber on the ground-floor of the cottage, the window of which looked towards the river. But sleep, like a false friend, fled me at my greatest need! My mind, excited by the unmerited misfortunes of one whom I had seen but to admire, held me as though

spell-bound to the lattice, the view from whence of the beautiful valley sleeping in the pale moonlight, was far more attractive than a slumberless couch. In this contemplative mood time stole away unnoted, when I was startled by hearing the door of the auberge gently opened, and some one issue forth. I looked anxiously from the casement: it was Justine herself, gliding like a spirit towards that stream on which I had been gazing. Good Heaven! what could be her purpose! Was it possible that the story of her undeserved abandonment had wrought in her fevered brain a vision of self-destruction? The thought was horrible! Without a moment's hesitation I sprang through the window, and holding my course in shadow, tracked her steps towards the cottage of Arnaud.

It stood on the very margin of the river. The situation, the hour, her look of deep abstraction, as meditating, perchance, on the fatal plunge,—all appeared to strengthen my fearful conjecture; and I had advanced unperceived so near as to stretch forth my arm, in the intensity of my feelings, to arrest her seeming purpose. But how had my suspicions wronged this noble minded, this incomparable girl! At the moment when my heart fluttered at her every motion, I beheld her sink on her knees, and, clasping her white hands in the attitude of supplication, lift her sweet eyes to Heaven, as if to invoke a blessing on that union which had marred her fairest hopes. I saw her lips move; and though the accents reached me not, the intelligence, the expression of that angel countenance could not be mistaken. It was a study for a painter, if indeed the art of man could depict the traits of Heaven.

I was lost in admiration, in wonder, when a loud shriek from the auberge dispersed the lovely vision. With the swiftness of a lapwing, Justine fled back to the house, while I, more cautious in my speed, regained my apartment by the window unperceived. It was the poor widow, who awaking and missing her daughter, had raised that wild cry of dread, almost of despair. A few words from Justine seemed to tranquillize the feelings of the agonized mother. They mingled their tears awhile, and then, I will hope, slept; if not, their grief at least was silent.

I rose early in the morning, but Justine

had been long up, and busied in her domestic affairs, serene and tranquil as though not a breeze had ruffled the calm current of her peaceful mind. To have attempted counsel or consolation would have been to insult the feelings of one whose own heart was her best and surest monitor. After partaking, therefore, of a breakfast, the viands for which I found had cost Justine a long ramble, I departed on my way, well content to leave her to the guidance of her own purity and the protecting love of one of the most affectionate of parents.

Circumstances, which it is unnecessary here to relate, led me, at the close of autumn, to retrace part of my former route; and an unabated interest in the fortunes of Justine attracted my steps once more to the little auberge, which through every after-scene had still been present to my memory. I was received with the grateful smiles that seldom fail, among these simple-minded people, to repay any expression of attachment on the part of a stranger. Justine was still pale; but the recovered cheerfulness and animation of the old woman seemed to indicate reviving hope and expectation. Had I doubted this, it had been soon confirmed.

It was evening when I arrived, and I was yet conversing with Justine, when my old friend Henri entered the cottage. His fine manly features were bright with health and good-humor; and whether it was that Justine was gratified by his delighted recognition of the traveller whom he had guided, a smile also stole over her beautiful countenance. But it was something more. The worth of the young soldier was slowly but secretly effacing the impression of a misplaced attachment.

"Poor Arnaud!" exclaimed Henri.

"What of him?" cried the old woman.

"Oh, nothing new, save that his grapes are sour, and his shrew of a wife sourer still. He is the veriest slave that lives!"

"He ever was," said the dame, "a slave to his own greedy desire of gain; for that he has sold what nothing can replace—the peace of his own heart! Oh, my son, learn from this to be content with —"

"Justine and love!" exclaimed the youth; "Content is too cold a word for such surpassing bliss!"

Justine blushed, and looked as if she

would have frowned, but knew not how ; a glance from her eye seemed to augur well not only for the happiness of my friend Henri, but, I will hope also, for the peace of her own pure heart.

I was not deceived ; they were soon after united : the vices of Arnaud becoming thus the unconscious means of rewarding the virtues of Henri and Justine.

YELLOW LEAVES.

The leaves are falling from the trees,
The flowers are fading all ;
More chill and boisterous is the breeze,
More hoarse the waterfall :
The sky, o'ermantled now with clouds,
Looks grey, and waned, and pale ;
The mist-fog spreads its hoary shrouds
O'er mountain, grove and vale.

How lapse our years away, how fade
The raptures of the mind !
Onward we pass to storm and shade,
And leave blue skies behind.
Like yellow leaves around us fall
The friends best loved and known,
And when we most have need of all,
We oft are most alone.

Still more alone ! blithe Spring comes round ;
Rich Summer-tide smiles by ;
And golden Autumn paints the ground,
Till Winter's storm-blasts fly.
One after one, friends drop away,
As months on months roll on ;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
The old are more alone.

Still more alone ! alas ! 'tis vain
New hopes, new hearts to find ;
What magic can restore again
The visions of youth's mind ?
Age walks amid an alter'd world,
'Mid bustling crowds unknown ;
New scenes hath novelty unfurl'd,
And left the old alone !

"Seer leaves that dangle from Life's tree,"
The old might well have said,
"A relic of the past are we—
A remnant of the dead.
Like emblems of forlorn decay
We linger to the last ;
But death's long night shall turn to day,
When Time itself is past !"

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES MILLER.*

BY WM. H. CRANSTON, ESQ.

Rest, youthful bard, 'neath Senthem skies,
By soft winds lulled to sleep ;
An Island is thy monument,
Thy tomb, a rocky steep ;
What though no kindred tear is shed
Above thy lonely grave ?
Eternal ocean moans thy dirge,
Its spray thy tomb doth lave !
Misfortune's chilling winds blew o'er
Thy young and beauteous form,
And long ere manhood's dawning prime,
It sank beneath the storm ;
But not as common men depart,
Unhonored by their years,
A thousand hearts thy worth recall
And mourn it with their tears !

The grave of genius, though unseen,
On earth, by human eyes,
Is watched by holy angels from
The star-illumined skies.
No sweeter requiem couldst thou wish,
Than heaven's soft zephyrs play,
No friends with deeper mourning clad,
Than clouds in dark array.

A nobler tear cannot be asked,
Than by these friends are shed
Around the sea-girt sepulchre,
That makes a poet's bed.
O when thy final sleep is o'er,
And all the dead must rise,
The Naiads of the deep shall be
Thy convoy to the skies !

* Mr. Miller was a young and enthusiastic poet, who died at the early age of twenty, in the West Indies, and was buried on one of the uninhabited islands of the South ; disappointment met him on every side in life, and death only relieved him from its bitter pangs.

CLARA STANLEY, OR THE COQUETTE.

BY MARIAN ELLIOTT.

"THERE, that will do," impatiently exclaimed Clara Stanley, as her maid placed the last pin in her beautiful tresses. "How do I look Amy?" she said, addressing her lovely cousin, Amy Herbert, who was reclining on a sofa at the opposite side of the room.

"Most beautiful;" replied Amy, smiling, "Pray how many hearts do you intend conquering to night?"

"A score, or two, at least," returned Clara, with an arch glance, and first, and foremost, that of Sir Henry Clarence."

Amy's cheek flushed, but as she gazed on the commanding form, and beautiful face before her, she half sighed as she said. "No doubt, Clara, you will conquer them all."

"And you persist in your determination to remain at home!"

"Certainly," returned Amy.

Clara Stanley was strikingly beautiful. Her complexion was clear and brilliant, her eyes black, and now, flashing with ill concealed vanity; while her proud queen-like brow, ruby lips, and rounded chin were faultless. She wore a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with lace; a diamond tiara, a family relic, gleamed above the ringlets of her raven hair, and in her hand she held a bouquet of rare exotics.

Very different was she in mind, and person, from her cousin Amy. Amy's fair, delicate complexion, varying color, soft blue eyes, golden tresses, and *petite* but symmetrical form, were almost obscured by the brilliant beauty of her gay cousin. Amy was gentle, timid, generous to a fault; possessing rich mental gifts, which her modesty prevented her displaying, and that rarest of qualities, a cheerful happy temper. She had in early life, lost both her parents, who had confided her to the care of her uncle Stanley.

Mrs. Stanley had died, soon after Clara's

birth, and her father doated on her, as the last gift, of an almost idolized wife. Was it to be wondered at, that as she grew up, she became haughty, vain, and proud? Praised for her rare beauty, by every one, she had learned to consider it her chief attraction, and to value it as such. She had some good qualities, and she loved her father and Amy as much as a selfish person can love. She was the reigning belle, the fashion, and although possessed of but a moderate fortune, was surrounded by suitors.

"Last night, was a most delightful one," exclaimed Clara in an animated tone, as she and Amy, sat the next morning in the handsome drawing-room, of Stanley-House. "I never saw Sir Henry so animated, so interesting, or so attentive. He is certainly very handsome, and possesses a fine fortune. But there is his cabriolet now,"—and glancing hastily in the mirror, threw herself negligently, into a velvet-covered chair, and appeared busily engaged with a book, as Sir Henry was announced. A sweet smile, of apparent surprise, disclosed her pearly teeth, and a slight blush, added brilliancy to her colour, as she commenced a gay and animated conversation with him.

Sir Henry Clarence was very handsome; still young, but five and twenty, intelligent, wealthy, and a mark for manœuvring mothers. The arts laid to entrap him however, had all proved in vain, for he was very fastidious in his taste, and had determined never to wed, until he met one, who equalled his standard of female excellence. He had met Clara Stanley, the evening before, and attracted by her rare beauty, and vivacity, he had determined to learn more of her; and should he find her as perfect in mind as in person, to woo and win her. An accidental trait had considerably influenced him. While engaged in conversation

with her, a handsome guardsman, requested her to waltz with him; Clara refused, not from principle, but from a coquettish desire, to engross Sir Henry's attention throughout the evening, and triumph over the envious beauties, who regarded her with a jealous eye.

He particularly disliked waltzing, and he had listened half fearfully for Clara's answer. As the guardsman departed, in search of another partner, Sir Henry said, "I am delighted to find, Miss Stanley, that you do not waltz."

"Then you *too* do not approve of it?" returned Clara, quickly.

"Indeed I do not."

Clara's eyes sparkled with delight, at his words; and she saw that unconsciously she had done more toward exciting his admiration of her, than she could have hoped.

Her own fortune, was not sufficient to procure her the splendor and luxuries which she desired; and she had resolved that her beauty should win a husband wealthy enough to obtain them for her; and this, she determined to find in Sir Henry Clarence. With this view, she exerted all her powers of pleasing, (and they were many); she studied his tastes, she carefully avoided all flirtation, in his presence, for she saw he despised it, and she soon saw, that she had won his heart.

Day after day found him at Stanley-House. He was the constant attendant of the young ladies in their rides and drives, and rumor whispered that he who, till then, had kept aloof from every appearance of an engagement, was at last devoted to one fair lady, alone.

Amy, formerly so gay and cheerful, grew sad and melancholy. Feelings, which she herself could scarcely analyse, were busy in her heart. She had allowed herself to dwell on Clarence's noble qualities, on his advantages of mind and person, until his attentions to Clara became misery to her; and when she discovered that he had actually fixed his affections upon her cousin, bitter tears fell from her eyes, and in vain

did she reproach herself, for entertaining, even for a moment, a thought of him. How could she expect him to think of her?—she, whose fortune and beauty were as nothing, beside the brilliant Clara.

One morning, as she sat indulging in a dreamy reverie, she was aroused by Clara's entrance into her room. There was a look of triumphant pride on her countenance as she exclaimed—"Wish me joy, Amy—I have conquered, I have won the proud baronet!"—and without noticing Amy's death-like paleness, she continued, "we are to spend the honey-moon at his elegant residence, at H—, and his family diamonds, (splendid ones, Amy,) are to be reset immediately."

Amy, by this time, had conquered her emotion, and replied in a cold calm voice, "Yes, I have no doubt that in the love of so noble a being, you will meet with happiness."

"In his love!" said Clara scornfully, "had you said, in the enjoyment of the luxuries his fortune will procure me, you had spoken more truly."

Amy started. "You surely love him Clara; do you not?"

"No," replied Clara, "I do not; although he fancies so; and yet I shall marry him. You do not suppose I could prefer love in a cottage to the enjoyments and splendor of Clarence's fortune?"

Amy for a moment, was silent. Was it on one, who cared not for him, who regarded him with indifference, that Clarence had lavished the rich treasure of his love?

"Oh, Clara!" she said, "how can you wrong him thus? How can you allow him to fancy that you love him, when you do not? Believe me, you will never be happy should you marry him, even amid the luxuries his fortune will procure you; and he!—should he ever learn that you did not love him—that mercenary considerations alone influenced you in your union with him—how he would despise, how he would condemn you."

Clara listened with surprise. "No,

Amy," she said laughing, "despite your long speech, delivered with the eloquence of an orator, I have no doubt we shall be a very happy couple; at least, a very fashionable one. I am sure I am glad we are engaged. I have given up dear waltzing and flirting to secure him, but as he is obliged to leave town to-morrow for a short period, I shall then do as I please, for I shall be no longer under his immediate surveillance.

Amy could not bear this heartlessness; and as she rose from her seat, Clara said, "Well, I must dress to meet my adoring lover, with whom I have promised to take a short ride," and carelessly humming a gay opera air, she left the room.

Poor Amy! she wept not so much for her own blighted affections, as for Clarence's. Had he loved one, capable of loving him truly in return, she believed she could have rejoiced in his happiness; but with Clara, the heartless Clara, his happiness was indeed at stake. Then she felt how truly she had loved him, but not for worlds would she have had him suspect the feelings she entertained for him.

As she thought thus, she involuntarily approached the window, and beheld his curricule and beautiful grays before the door. As he assisted Clara, who was most elegantly dressed and more brilliantly beautiful than ever, into the carriage, there was a look of pride and happiness on his noble countenance.

Clara caught Amy's eyes, and turning to Sir Henry said something smilingly to him; he looked up, kissed his hand to her, and drove rapidly off.

CHAPTER II.

"I shall certainly go, Amy; Mrs. Clareville has promised to chaperonne me, and if Clarence is not here to attend me it is not my fault. Your expostulations are of no avail; I am not a child to require leading-strings."

"But, Clara, Sir Henry will not ——"

"Will not approve of it, you were go-

ing to say," interrupted Clara pettishly, "pray, do you intend informing him of it? Forgive me, Amy, I know you would not; but how can I give up going? It will be the most brilliant ball of the season. Besides, no one disapproves of my going but you."

"Your own mind, Clara, will disapprove it, if you will but reason with yourself."

"No, it will not, for I have set my mind on going. So, Amy, there is no need of your saying anything more against it. I am determined to go."

"But, dearest Clara, if you will go, you surely will not waltz? I only speak for your own future happiness."

"Oh, I am certain you are influenced by purely philanthropic views; so my fair coz, I shall not waltz unless the Count de Venelli should ask me, which it is very probable he will."

Amy arose and left the room; she saw there was no use in expostulating with the wilful Clara. She could only hope, that before evening, she would change her mind and remain at home. But no—evening came; and splendidly dressed, radiant in the pride of her rare beauty, she attended the ball. She waltzed, danced and sung with the Count Theodorick de Venelli, an Italian nobleman who was reported wealthy, and who was then the lion of the hour. On the next day he called at Stanley House, and intoxicated with his flattery, his high sounding title and handsome person, Clara encouraged his attentions, and despite Amy's entreaties and expostulations, allowed him to accompany her to concerts, balls and operas.

Sir Henry had truly loved Clara; her beauty, animation, accomplishments, and attention to his tastes and prejudices, had won his heart. He fancied her a noble-minded woman; one above the coquetry and affectation of her sex; and happy indeed, had he deemed himself in obtaining her hand. This absence, although Clara knew it not, was occasioned by his desire to have his residence at H—, as elegantly and luxuriously furnished as she could

desire. Every thing which he fancied she would like, he had obtained.

He had written to her, stating that he should be absent until the 15th of the month, but he found he could return one day earlier than he had expected; and immediately upon arriving in town, he flew with impatient eagerness to Stanley House.

Picturing to himself Clara's delighted surprise, he desired the servant not to announce him; and learning that she and Miss Herbert were in the back drawing room, he proceeded there.

Finding no one in the room, he sat down near a window, shaded with honey suckle, which opened on a balcony. He had been seated but a few moments, when the voice of Clara, mentioning his name, rivetted his attention.

"No, I have before told you Amy," said she, "I never loved Sir Henry, that his fortune alone influenced me in accepting him, and as the Count de Venelli is richer, and as handsome as Clarence, and as I do like the Count, I have accepted him to-day. I shall write to ——"

"Clara," interrupted Amy, and her voice faltered, "I could not have believed you capable of this. I knew you were a heartless coquette; but to wrong his noble heart—to cast away his love thus, and for what? To accept an idle adventurer, one who gratifies your foolish vanity, who ——"

"I have long suspected," cried Clara in a voice of passion, "and now I am convinced that you love Sir Henry Clarence—you have loved him long and in vain! You, Amy Herbert, whom he thinks not of—cares not for, you love him!"

Clarence had sat hitherto like a statue. To be despised, where he had loved; regarded with indifference, where he had garnered all his hopes of earthly happiness, and accepted but for paltry lucre! Every word sank into his heart, and he was only aroused from his bewilderment, by hearing some one fall heavily to the ground.

"Amy, my own Amy," exclaimed

Clara remorsefully, "I have killed her!"

His first impulse was to spring to the balcony; then remembering Amy's delicacy would be wounded if, on her return to consciousness, she discovered he had overheard Clara's words, he hastily left the room, and desired the servant not to mention his arrival, and to send Miss Stanley's maid to her immediately.

On the morrow he received a letter from Clara. She began by stating she had mistaken her feelings with regard to him, that she had discovered that she loved another better; and wishing him all health and happiness, assured him she should ever entertain the same *friendly* feelings toward him, and bade him farewell.

* * * * *

Twelve months have now elapsed. Within the splendid drawing room of Clarence Hall, the residence of Sir Henry Clarence, the reader will observe a fine, noble-looking gentleman, and a fair, delicate and beautiful woman. The furniture is of the most costly kind, the windows opening on a piazza leading to a beautiful lawn. The piazza is filled with beautiful plants, and their fragrance scents the fresh morning air.

Surely we have seen the lady before; but hark! the gentleman is speaking:—

"First loves, Amy, are not always lasting. I am a proof that they are not; for although I loved your cousin Clara once—I never loved her so warmly, deeply, or truly as I love you."

Amy smiled archly, and saying, "Yet you fancied then, you loved her more than you could ever love again"—she carelessly took up the morning paper.

An exclamation of sorrow burst from her lips, interrupting her husband's reply; and he took the newspaper from her hand, to read the following paragraph:—

"Our readers will doubtless remember the marriage of one of our most beautiful and accomplished belles, Miss Stanley, to a so called Count de Venelli, some nine or ten months ago. We have been inform-

ed lately, from undoubted authority, that he is an Italian of low birth, a gambler, who, under his assumed name, assisted by his extremely handsome person and polished manners, moved amid our most fashionable circles, and wooed and won the beau-

tiful Miss Stanley! The Count was yesterday arrested, taken before the Bow-street magistrates and committed to prison, on a charge of having forged the signature of one of his noble friends, on bills to a large amount."

A SKETCH.

She stood before me as a playful child,
Through her dark locks her slender fingers twining;
From her full eye beam'd forth a radiance mild—
A chasten'd light, like to some planet shining
In the blue vault of Heaven, and I gazed
In rapture, as on me those eyes were raised.

Her playfulness soon ripen'd to a glow
That to her bosom gave a deeper heaving;
Well did I mark the new-born passion grow,
Which my heart beat responsive at perceiving;
Nor strove she with dissembling art to hide
A love, at once her happiness and pride.

Fortune withdrew her smiles, and, one by one,
Those who had seem'd my veriest friends departed,
Yet their desertion found me not alone,
Still was she left, the firm, the noble hearted;
And poverty, which others shrunk before,
Without a murmur or regret she bore.

When sickness shook my frame and paled my cheek,
And through my fever'd brain wild dreams were flitting,
She stood a ministering angel, meek,
So full of tenderness, so unremitting,
Chasing the gloom that care and pain had spread,
And pillowing on her breast my aching head.

Sorrow on sorrow follow'd and I grew
Despondent o'er my hopes and prospects blighted,
She hover'd near me, and her spirit threw
Fresh rays of hope upon my path benighted—
Her clear perception pointing where to press
Renew'd exertion, to obtain success.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JA—JA—EL.

You bid me sing no more
The Minstrel's love-fraught lays,
Nor breathe to thee on moonlit shore
The hopes of happier days:
You say that danger's nigh,
That fortune bids us sever,
And tell me with a tearful eye,
That we must part for ever!
Sweet lady, say not so,
Revoke the harsh decree,
Nor dim the only joy I know—
The bliss of loving thee.

You bid me seek among
Far lands a happier fate;
You urge me, with a faltering tongue,
To fly your father's hate!
But ah! in vain you'd move
My heart, by peril near;
Alas! I cannot cease to love,
And loving cannot fear!
Then, lady sweet, forego—
Forego the harsh decree;
Nor dim the only joy I know—
The bliss of loving thee!

THE OFFICER'S WIDOW.

SOME years ago a lady, whose superior manners excited, on her first arrival, a sort of nine-days' wonder amongst the gossips of the neighborhood, occupied apartments in — street. Her countenance was interesting rather than handsome—her easy carriage evidently marked the lady, and her behavior, though rather reserved, was polite, but exhibited that proneness to techiness often observable in persons of decayed fortune, who, in their intercourse with the world, seem continually recurring to the past, whilst others think but of the present.

In her case there was nothing either singular or romantic. She was the widow of an officer whose love of pleasure had dissipated his fortune, leaving her, at his death, without any other support than the pension allowed by government, which, however liberal it may be, when compared with the resources of the country, and the number to whom it is extended, is still barely sufficient to procure the absolute necessities, much less the comforts of life.

Although she had married with the consent of her family, yet the extravagance of her husband soon excited their disapprobation, and during his life a coldness existed between them. At his death, however, they felt it necessary "to do something." The son, who had been designed for the artillery, was placed with an engineer; and as their pride would not suffer her to degrade her family, by endeavoring to maintain herself, they made a trifling addition to her pension: a selfish bounty, which tacitly compelled her to appear like a lady, without giving her the means of doing so; and her life was a daily sacrifice of comfort to show—or, to sum up her miseries at once, she was a poor gentlewoman.

Amidst all her troubles, she however had some consolation, and looked forward to the time when her son's clerkship should expire, and he would be able to reside at home. She might also have other hopes, and expect, through his means, to escape from her present dependent situation. But her hopes, whatever they were, were doomed to be frustrated. For some

months before the time she had expected so anxiously, Edward — had been unwell with a severe cold, which ere long settled on his lungs. His mother had often wished him to have advice, for whenever she saw him his cough rendered her uneasy; but he postponed it from time to time in expectation of getting better. Those who have to keep up appearances on a limited income, and eke out their scanty pittance to support a character above their means, will readily believe that his apparent neglect was in reality economy. It was, however, a mistaken thrift. He was compelled, partly from weakness, partly in search of a purer air, to decline a lucrative situation offered him by his master, and go to his mother's. The change of scene had a temporary effect; but when its novelty had subsided, his disorder revived with increased power; and though his illness had not reached that point when even friends despair, yet a glance at his countenance was sufficient to convince a medical eye, that his recovery was almost hopeless. He nevertheless continued to take exercise when the weather permitted, (for the latter part of the spring was very unsettled); and at the commencement of summer again experienced, for a short time, a cheerfulness of spirits which he mistook for a renovation of health. But as the heat increased his debility returned, and before the beginning of autumn he became so weak as to be rarely able to leave the house, and grew peevish in proportion to the progress of his disorder.

To detail this minutely would be tedious. Like all consumptive patients he kept gradually declining, whilst the flattering nature of his complaint prevented him from suspecting his danger. It became his chief amusement to get his heart-broken mother to sit by him, and listen to the plans he had formed for the re-establishing his health, by a trip into the country, when he was able to support the journey, and to the course of life he intended to pursue on his recovery: a circumstance which seemed barely possible even to a mother's hopes, and utterly

visionary to a stranger. His weakness daily continued to increase, and in a few weeks he was confined to his bed, whilst it was clear his dissolution was fast approaching. The decay of his body had moreover a corresponding effect upon his mind. He would inquire about circumstances which had never taken place, and be angry when contradicted or not understood. He also became capricious, and, if the term can be applied to a person in his situation, unreasonable, requiring the constant attendance of his mother, and never permitting her to be absent a moment, without angrily commanding her return. In the earlier stages of his complaint he had been considerate; but he now daily expressed a wish for delicacies, which it seemed cruelty to deny, and useless to procure; for when they were gotten they were rarely touched. The expenses, too, of illness had greatly diminished her little fund, and she found that money would soon be required for absolute necessities. Indeed, for some time past she had been wavering between her dread of approaching want, and her dislike of applying to her relations; but having written them an account of Edward's illness, she was in daily hopes of receiving an unasked-for supply. Some, however, took no notice of her letters; and those who occasionally visited her in consequence of them, were precisely the persons who were unable to afford her any material assistance. At last an occurrence, trifling in itself, confirmed her resolution of making a direct application.

She was one day sitting by Edward's bedside, when he suddenly asked for some strawberries.

"I have none, my dear," replied his mother, "for they are out of season."

"Then give me some grapes."

"I have not any either, my love."

"Well then," said he, "give me whatever you have."

The knowledge that she had nothing he would touch, rendered her unwilling, if not unable, to answer, and she remained silent.

"What, have you nothing to give me, mother?" he exclaimed, after waiting a few minutes in expectation of her reply, and throwing himself back on his pillow, covered his face with his hands, and turned from her; but she could perceive by his half-suppressed sobs, that he was

weeping. As this can be told, it seems nothing; but his mother experienced a sickness of the heart, which no misfortunes of her own could have produced. That evening she wrote to one of her brothers. He was busily engaged with the affairs of a charity, of which he was a governor, and her letter remained unnoticed for nearly a week, when an answer arrived, enclosing a remittance. It came too late to be of service to her feelings: she had struggled for five days with fatigue, suspense, and despair, during which time she had seen her son, if I may so express myself, gradually exhale. He now took nothing but a little drink, and a few days, or even hours, seemed likely to be his last.

The morrow was one of those beautiful days, which sometimes in the middle of autumn gladden the declining year. The bed-room of Edward — commanded a view of some fields, whose verdure was yet bright, and looked brighter in the light of an unclouded sun. A few solitary individuals, apparently attracted by the fineness of the afternoon, were strolling about them. Several groups of children were in various parts of them engaged at play, and their bursts of merriment, softened by distance, came upon the ear with that peculiar melody which Goldsmith has noticed. A few cattle were basking in the sunshine, and the very dogs seemed enlivened by the spirit-cheering influence of this "latter spring." Mrs. E—— had walked to the window to exchange the faint and sickly atmosphere of her apartment, for the freshness of the open air, when her attention was suddenly attracted by hearing her son draw his breath rather harder than usual; and turning her head, she perceived his countenance distorted by a series of slight convulsions. Although dreadfully shocked, she rallied her spirits and rushed to the bed. As she bent over the body and endeavored to raise it, she felt his breath for a moment upon her cheek: a convulsion rather stronger than she had yet seen, accompanied the expiration, and immediately afterwards his countenance settled into the rigid placidity of death.

It was some minutes before his mother could believe he had expired; and she continued unconsciously to press her lips upon his, until the falling jaw and glazing eye convinced her that all was over, and

she sunk upon the bed in a state of stupefaction. Even the entrance of the girl who waited on her did not arouse her, nor was it until she heard her loss confirmed by the scream of her servant, that she awoke to consciousness, and burst into tears, which, indeed, restored her to herself, but only to enable her to feel her misery.

The night of her son's death was the first time for several weeks, that Mrs. E—— had attempted to take any regular repose, and she never rested worse. The stimulus which had hitherto supported her was removed, and had left behind it a debility and nervous irritation, which almost amounted to insanity. Her sleep, if sleep it could be called, was broken and disturbed. The early part of the night she passed in that horrible state between slumber and consciousness, which frequently accompanies fever, or follows intense excitement, and must be felt to be fully comprehended. All the adventures of her former life passed confusedly before her, accompanied with those physical impossibilities, that union of contradiction, and that strong sense of reality, which is only to be felt in dreams. She conferred with "the changed—the dead;" she visited the scenes of her childhood, and then again underwent, with even aggravated horrors, the sufferings of the last few weeks. At length her misery became too powerful for slumber, and she awoke in a state of delirium, during which she could not believe that her son was dead—the past appearing like a fearful dream, horrible, yet untrue. At last, nature could endure no more, and she sunk into that sound sleep which sometimes betokens a mind at ease, but as frequently absolute exhaustion, and awoke the next morning with fresh capabilities of suffering.

Although her relations had neglected her whilst their assistance would have been kind, if not serviceable: yet her loss was no sooner known than they overwhelmed her with offers of friendship. One took upon himself the trouble of the funeral, accompanied with a delicate hint, that he would defray the expense. Some made her an offer of anything their house contained; and others wished her to go home to theirs. To her, however, the place that contained her son's relics was dearer than any other, and, declining the offers that were made her, she remained

in the house until the day appointed for the funeral, in a state of mind I shall not attempt to describe.

It was on one of those lowering, cold and misty mornings, which are so frequent in our climate, especially during the autumnal season, and when the dreariness of nature seems to harmonize with grief, that the quiet street in which Mrs. E—— resided, was disturbed by the preparations for the funeral. Eight mourners had expressed a wish to follow him to the tomb; and the necessary arrangements for their accommodation created a considerable bustle within the house, whilst the cavalcade without had attracted all the idlers of the neighborhood to the spot. Upon the wretched mother, however, all internal and external noise was lost. She had sat the whole of the morning by the coffin in a state of abstraction; and even when the assistants entered to remove the body, she remained insensible of their presence. For some time they waited in silence; but at length a lady, who was with her, perceiving that they were unobserved, took her by the arm and gently endeavored to remove her. The action seemed to recall her to herself, for, throwing a look of unutterable anguish upon the coffin, accompanied with several convulsive shudders, she endeavored to leave the place; but after advancing a few paces her strength failed her, and she would have fallen had not one of the attendants caught her, and she was conveyed away senseless from the room.

Advantage was taken of her situation to remove the body, and it was hoped she would not have regained her senses until the procession had left the house; but she recovered too quickly for herself, and gazing wildly around her, inquired, in a heart-broken voice, if they had taken him away. At that moment the trampling of the horses caught her ear, and before any one suspected her intention, she darted to a window which overlooked the road the funeral was to take, and remained gazing at the procession whilst it continued in sight, with a fixed intenseness of agony, more resembling that of a statue than a human being; and on losing sight of it by a turning in the road, she was seized with another fit, and again conveyed insensible to her chamber.

But I must hasten to a conclusion. Her relations, to do them justice, had acted

rather from carelessness than inhumanity ; and they now did all they could to repair her loss, but in vain. She yet lives, and in point of worldly comforts, is in a far better situation than before ; but the settled

melancholy of her countenance and perpetual sadness of manners, show her to be one of those for whom life, in the words of the French moralist, "may have length of days, but can have no future."

THE WIDOW.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The courtly hall is gleaming bright
With fashion's graceful throng—
All hearts are chain'd in still delight,
For like the heaven-borne voice of night
Breathes Handel's sacred song.
Nor on my spirit melts in vain
The deep—the wild—the mournful strain
That fills the echoing hall
(Though many a callous soul be there)
With sighs, and sobs, and cherish'd pain—
While on a face, as seraph's fair,
Mine eyes in sadness fall.

Not those the tears that smiling flow
As fancied sorrow bleeds,
Like dew upon the rose's glow ;—
That lady, 'mid the glittering show
Is clothed in Widow's weeds.
She sits in reverie profound,
And drinks and lives upon the sound,
As if she ne'er would wake !
Her clos'd eyes cannot hold the tears
That tell what dreams her soul have bound—
In memory they of other years
For a dead husband's sake.

Methinks her inmost soul lies spread
Before my tearful sight—
A garden whose best flowers are dead,
A sky still fair (though darkened)
With hues of lingering light.
I see the varying feelings chase
Each other o'er her pallid face,
From shade to deepest gloom.
She thinks on living objects dear,
And pleasure lends a cheerful grace ;
But oh ! that look so dim and drear,—
Her heart is in the tomb.

Rivalling the tender crescent moon
The star of evening shines—
A warm, still, balmy night of June,
Low-murmuring with a fitful tune
From yonder grove of pines.
In the silence of that starry sky,
Exchanging vows of constancy,
Two happy lovers stray.
To her how sad and strange ! to know,
In darkness while the phantoms fade,
That one a widow'd wretch is now,
The other in the clay.

* * * * *

Yet dearer than that rosy glow
To me yon cheek so wan :
Lovely I thought it long ago,
But lovelier far now blanch'd with woe
Like the breast-down of the swan,
Then worship ye the sweet—the young—
Hang on the witchcraft of her tongue,
Wild murmuring like the lute.
On thee, O lady, let me gaze,
Thy soul is now a lyre unstrung,
But I hear the voice of other days,
Though these pale lips be mute.

Lovely thou art ! yet none may dare
That placid soul to move.
Most beautiful thy braided hair,
But awful holiness breathes there
Unmeet for earthly love.
More touching far than deep distress
Thy smiles of languid happiness,
That like the gleams of Even
O'er thy calm cheek serenely play,
Thus at the silent hour we bless,
Unmindful of the joyous day,
The still sad face of heaven.

THE RESCUE; A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"King Stephen was a worthy peer."

THE hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gaily embroidered banners, which waived in the wind, streaming from the crannies in windows which had suffered some dilapidation from the hand of time. Minstrel harps rang throughout the wide apartment, and at a board well covered with smoking viands—haunches of the red deer, bustards, cranes, quarters of mutton, pasties, the grinning heads of wild boars,—and flanked with flaggons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sate King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast, the jovial glee of the wassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been intrusted. "Up, gallants," exclaimed the martial monarch, "don your harness and ride as lightly as you may to the relief of the Countess of Clare, she lies in peril of her life and honor, beleaguered by a rabble of unnurtured Welsh savages, who lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them,) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis and my good sword, were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no better pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprise?—What, all silent? are ye knights? are ye men? do I reign over Christian warriors, valiant captains who have sworn to protect beauty in distress; or are ye like the graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honor?" "My

ranks are wonderous scant," returned Milo Fitzwalter, "I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none; but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse and away. Beshrew me, were it the termagant Queen Maude herself, I'd do my best to rescue her in this extremity."—"Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter," replied the king, "and wilt prosper: the Saint's benizon be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil confound, leave me too much work, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair Countess, in a flask of the right Bourdeaux; and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed; for by my Halidom, an thou winnest her unscathed from the hands of these Welsh churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne's paladins." Fitzwalter made no answer, but he armed in haste, and leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his gallant steed, and followed by his esquires and men at arms, rested not either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the Countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Draw their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, cut their desperate

path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the biting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery Fitzwalter won the castle walls; whence with the assistance of such frail aid as the living spectres on the battlements could give, he beat back the Welch host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle.—Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions, the corse of the unburied dead lay strewn upon the pavement, the heroic Countess and her attendant damsels, clad

in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succor, yet still striving to deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel. Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welchmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of all the implements of war; and with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valor of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and lady's bower throughout Christendom.

SONG.

SHE recks not of fortune, though high her degree,
She says she's contented with true love and me;
And the truth of her heart my fond rapture describes
In the bloom of her blushes and light of her eyes.

How fearful is love to the faithful and young!
How trembles the heart and how falters the tongue,
While the soft rising sigh, and the sweet springing tear,
Check the half-spoken vow and the glance too sincere;

Her hand to my lips when at parting I press,
And she bids me adieu with a timid caress,
She glides off like a sun-beam pursued by a cloud,
And I kiss every flower her dear footsteps have bowed.

As the fawn steals for play from the still-feeding flock,
As darts the young hawk from his hold in the rock;
So peeps forth my Lucy when none are aware,
So flies her fond lover her ramble to share.

We linger at noon by the rocks and the coves,
Where the slow-winding stream sleeps in nooks which he loves,—
When the freshness of spring has been mellow'd by June,
And the parent-bird warbles a tenderer tune.

We scarce talk of love—she is scared at the sound
But it breathes from the skies, and it bursts from the ground:
Of whatever we talk, it is Love that we mean—
On whatever we look it is Love that is seen.

THE FORSAKEN.

A TALE OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

AMID the numberless memorials which the fair and stately city of Florence contains of its ancient feuds, the fierce and cruel struggles of its nobles for power, and the private and personal quarrels whence sprang its most furious civil wars—one lowly grave-stone, lost amid the surrounding splendors of art, exists, though seldom noticed by the traveller, putting forth its silent and disregarded claim to the attention lavished upon monuments unpossessed of half the interest attached to this frail tablet. The unsculptured marble covers the ashes of one whose sorrows and whose wrongs first kindled the flame of deadly warfare between the Ghibelline and the Guelph factions, which rendered the chief of the Tuscan States a scene of hatred and dissention. While all Italy was distracted by the contest between the Emperor and the Pope, Florence, though joining the league against the former, was blessed with comparative tranquillity; the supporters of either party lived within the walls at peace with each other: but an insult offered to the daughter of a noble family, plunged the whole population into strife and bloodshed. The mouldering grave of Altea Uberti, half hidden in the long rank grass which overshadows it—blackening under the influence of time—with its scarcely legible inscription, yet inspires mingled feelings of tenderness and melancholy to those who derive a pensive pleasure in dwelling upon the recollection of the storied dead. Once the fairest and the proudest beauty of Florence, all eyes paid homage to the charms of its loveliest daughter; every lip was loud in its tribute of admiration; and many fond and faithful hearts were laid in lowly offering at her feet. The young, the gay, and the gallant, crowded in Altea's train, standing behind the stone lattice-work of the richly carved balcony. The troop of cavaliers who daily passed along on their route to the tilt yard, made a longer pause, and bent with more courteous reverence before the front of the Uberti palace than they deigned to bestow upon any other of the splendid residences of the Florentine nobi-

lity; though many were the dark eyes, and many the fair forms which the crowded windows boasted: and conscious of her beauty, vain of the flattering distinctions which she continually received, and buoyant with youthful hope, the happiest auguries of the future destiny of one so favored by nature and by fortune blessed her waking dreams. Sought in marriage by the noblest families of the city, Altea, exercised the privilege accorded to beauty, and became somewhat fastidious in her choice; but if she vacillated between the merits of the chief of the Cornari, or the heir of Delle Torre, she hesitated no longer when Guido Buondelmonti professed himself her admirer. Gay and graceful in the dance, ever the victor in the lists and at the ring, and bearing on his brow a wreath won in bloody strife upon the plains of Lombardy, he was exalted by general acclamation above all his youthful contemporaries, and, like Altea, became the idol of one sex and the envy of the other. How gaily and how rapidly flew the hours, when, seated side by side, the lovers whispered tender tales into each other's raptured ears, striking the minstrel string in praise of those charms and accomplishments which formed the universal theme. All radiant with smiles, happiness beamed round the angelic countenance of Altea, like a halo; the half-starved beggar in the streets blessed the glad beauty as she passed along, his sunk eye beaming with an unwonted ray at the sight of so much happy loveliness. The whole city rejoiced in her felicity; for if some taint of earth had marred the brightness of her perfections before she had learned to live for the sole purpose of pleasing one treasured object, the excess of her affection for Buondelmonti had purified her character from its dross; she grew meek and gentle, cultivating each feminine grace with all the ardour prompted by a pure attachment: the charms too proudly displayed to attract the wondering multitude, were now only prized as the chain which bound her lover.

The sun-lit eyes of Altea were suddenly

over-clouded ; the rosy lip lost its joyous smile ; and tears coursed each other down those pale cheeks, so lately dimpled with delight. Buondelmonti, the spoiled child of fortune, no longer checked his caracoling steed at the gate of the Uberti palace, but fascinated by the charms of some new beauty, rode on, tossing his white plume on high, and laughing scornfully as he passed the residence of the woman he had abandoned. Altea's tears fell not unheeded : she possessed kinsmen who surveyed her altered countenance with looks in which pity contended with anger. The unhappy girl read the feelings which those around her strove to repress in her presence ; and drying her eyes, and struggling to obtain the command of features convulsed with internal agony, appeared again at the open lattice ;—but she could not deceive the penetrating eyes of those who hung upon every look, by the outward show of tranquillity ; and her brothers prepared to avenge the injury which she had sustained : they watched for the white palfrey of the perjured lover, as he rode through the city, unarmed and in his

gala dress to the bridal feast, and rushing from behind the portal where they had so often stood to welcome him as their guest, they dragged their enemy from his horse, and plunging their daggers in his body, deluged the pavement with his life-blood. Altea, from the balcony above, saw the commencement of the savage scene : she rushed to the street too late to prevent the outrage ; but her fate was linked with that of Buondelmonti—and throwing herself upon his yet warm corse, she breathed out the last sigh of a broken heart, and lived not to witness the calamities which her kinsmen's weapons entailed upon Florence. The Guelph faction took up arms to revenge the murder of Buondelmonti ; the Ghibellines, headed by the Uberti, retaliated by fresh aggressions ; and, during the space of three and thirty years the relentless strife continued in the massacre of both parties. The Ghibellines at length prevailing, drove the opposite faction from the city ; but were in turn expelled by the triumphant Guelphs, and were never afterwards able to regain their ancient power and influence.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

THERE are very few public institutions more calculated to benefit society than the Mercantile Library Association of New York. It now possesses upwards of twenty-five thousand volumes in every branch of literature—has classes for students in all languages, and a course of Lectures, for which the services of the most eminent men of the day are engaged.

We attended its twenty-second anniversary on Wednesday, the 9th of November. The meeting took place at the Tabernacle, where, although the weather was most unpropitious, a large audience was assembled. An oration was delivered by Charles Eames, Esq., on the benefits mankind had derived from Commerce and Navigation. It was an able production and delivered with much energy and elegance. After the oration Park Benjamin, Esq. pronounced a poem written for the occasion.

It was a most felicitous effort, full of lofty fancies, cutting irony, and brilliant points. The verses on the present degraded state of the Drama are forcibly and beautifully written. They were received with loud and continued applause, as indeed was the whole poem, for Mr. Benjamin adds to his other eminent qualities that of an admirable delivery.

The exercises at the Tabernacle having concluded, the company proceeded to Niblo's to dinner, after which a number of toasts, analogous to the occasion were proposed.

The pleasure of the evening was much promoted by some excellent music. Mr. Timm and Mr. W. King played an admirable duett on the piano forte, and Mrs. Loder, Miss Eleanor Watson, (a young lady possessing an excellent voice and a chaste style of singing,) Mr. H. C. Wat-

son, Mr. Horn, and the Messrs. Massett, delighted the company by singing several songs, duetts, and glees. The music was under the direction of Mr. H. C. Watson.

Mr. Park Benjamin having published

his poem, we have extracted the lines upon the Drama, as we feel confident our subscribers will feel great delight in reading them. The Book is printed in a manner to recommend itself. It is a beautiful specimen of typography.

BEHOLD the Drama! once the Muses' friend,
When will her night of degradation end?
When will the spirit of true Art return,
And from her altars dogs and dancers spurn?
When will a Garrick, matchless and alone,
Crowned by Thalia, mount her ancient throne?
When will another mind-controlling Kean,
Lend real grandeur to the mimic scene?
Now, on that stage, for which Ben Jonson wrote,
Struts paltry Pantomime in motley coat.
Where stately Congreve and sententious Ford
And moving Massinger were once adored,
Frail, feeble wits prodigious puffs receive,
The groundlings giggle, the judicious grieve.
Where Kemble, Young, "the Siddons" and O'Neill
Taught human nature human woes to feel,
Alluring Elssler wins the town's applause,
Celeste enraptures, and Van Amburgh draws!
Of yore th' intent and business of the stage
Was to expose the follies of the age,
Or from grave knowledge lessons to translate,
And teach the dictates and decrees of Fate.
For this the grand, old masters aptly chose
The robes of verse and not the garb of prose.
What glorious thoughts in glorious lines were cast!
In splendid frames what pictures of the past!
What lofty sentiments and precepts pure
In verse, like marble sculptured to endure!
Vast is the debt from English letters due
To the old drama—little to the new.
Though I would not one leaf of laurel tear
From the green wreath that circles Talfourd's hair,
Or be esteemed so deaf to well-won fame
As not to echo Artevelde Taylor's name;
Though Milman, Mitford, and—if last not least,
Of those who spread the genial Thespian feast—
Exuberant Knowles, the cordial praise acquire
Of all the lovers of the modern lyre;
Their gifts of poetry may not compare
With those of bards, whom Time will ever spare
As he has spared for ages, undeformed,
Though bigots storm as they have ever stormed.
No floods have worn thy mighty adamant
Oh first of poets! Criticism, cant,
New readings, commentaries, dash their rain
Against thy firm foundations, all in vain.
His grave is humble; but what pilgrims throng,
Who deeply love the swan of Avon's song,
To bend, with feelings more devout and true
Than faithful Moslems, Mecca full in view,
Before that shrine, long hallowed by the birth
Of SHAKESPEARE, monarch of the bards of earth!

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
HIBISCUS MULTÍFIDUS.

(MANY-PARTED LEAVED HIBISCUS.)

Class.
MONADELPHIA.

Natural Order.
MALVACEÆ.

Order.
POLYANDRIA.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—*Calyx* surrounded by many leaves, rarely by a few-leaved involucre, occasionally connected at the base. *Stigmas* five. *Carpels* joined into a five-celled, five-valved capsule, with a dissepiment in the middle of each valve on the inside. *Cells* many seeded, rarely one seeded.

SPECIFIC CHARACTER.—*Plant* a deciduous Shrub. *Stem* smooth, roundish, much branching, rather succulent. *Leaves* divided down to their base into numerous linear segments, and these again sometimes subdivided, or producing unequal lateral lobes, quite glabrous. *Calyx* composed of five equal, long, lanceolate, acuminate segments, almost the length of the corolla. *Corolla* of a very pale azure color, tinged with crimson at the orifice, and deepening into a richer crimson towards the base.

No one can question that the explorers of the Swan River Colony, have contributed more towards supplying our gardens with new plants, than has been done since such extensive importations of seeds were made from New Holland. And though the number of novel species now in a seedling state amounts to several hundreds, we have not hitherto witnessed one in flower which promises to be more ornamental than the handsome Hibiscus, of which a figure is given in this number. Circumstances unfavorable to its full developement rendered the flowers rather tardy in expanding last autumn; but, when those are more propitious in another season, it will most probably blossom as liberally as any of its congeners.

It will be recollected, by persons acquainted with the genus, that the flowers of the majority of its species open very slowly, and are exceedingly fugitive. If this plant, therefore, should prove to be of a similar habit, no wonder need be felt. We do not anticipate that such will ultimately be the case. The probability is only suggested to prevent future disappointment.

Divested of all considerations concerning the expansion of its inflorescence, its outline and leaves are eminently pleasing; while the blooms when properly unfolded, are superlatively lovely. The light delicate azure, which constitutes the standard color of the latter, is shown to excellent advantage by the finely-rounded and gradually opening cup of the corolla, and merges beautifully into a lively crimson towards the centre, which is again prettily contrasted with the yellow and brown of the staminal processes.

Nothing can be more symmetrical than the contour of the specimen in our plate.

It begins branching within about six inches of the roots, and proceeds to the height of three or four feet, forming a regular bush of a conical shape. The deeply divided leaves also assist in filling up this outline; and impart to the whole an airy aspect which is quite alluring.

The ordinary culture of greenhouse plants would seem, in all respects, suitable. It should be potted in fresh loam, taken from the surface of pasture land, and exposed to the weather for a year previous to its employment. A trifling addition of silver sand may likewise be desirable. Care should be taken to water it, when a necessity for liquid nutriment really exists, and not at any stated periods. Very large pots must be avoided, in order to stimulate the flowers to develop themselves earlier in the season.

Prepared cuttings strike with tolerable readiness, if not subjected to too much moisture, which is apt to produce mouldiness and decay. Seeds are, however, sparingly ripened, and they will assuredly be more numerous when the plant is brought into flower a month sooner. They should be sown, immediately after maturation, on a gentle hot-bed, and the seedlings potted directly the first leaves are perfected.

We have reason to expect that many valuable hybrids will result from the cross impregnation of this species with some of the larger flowering kinds. The practice has now been carried to such a great extent, that so admirable an opportunity as the present subject affords of improving the varieties now in cultivation, will certainly not be disregarded by hybridists.

The specific designation is expressive of the minute divisions of the leaves.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

FIG. 1. WALKING DRESS.—Dress of satin, color *Tourterelle*. Camail of green velvet edged with an elegant *passementerie* and long trimmings. Hat of plain rose colored velvet, ornamented with a double white plume. Pale yellow gloves; black varnished leather shoes.

FIG. 2. Dress of *poult de soie*, grey or lavender color; the sleeves are narrow; the skirt

long and full, is quite plain. Long cloak-mantelet of satin *pensée*, rounded at the back, of the newest form, ornamented with a narrow *garniture* of similar satin, and reverse of velvet embroidered with *passementerie*. White hat, of Arabic velvet, with a long turning plume; underneath the front, is to be seen a very pretty bunch of flowers.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The near approach of winter has created considerable activity in the ateliers of our principal modistes: every thing there speaks of preparation, and every thing gives ample promise of that winter luxury which harmonises so well with splendid apartments, with splendid fêtes and still more splendid women. Amongst our most beautiful novelties are observed several mantles in violet and grenat velvet, completely bordered with ermine and with a broad ermine collar, fastened by silken cord and trimmed at the bottom of the ermine with rich *passementerie*. Cashmere shawls are also becoming quite a rage with our fashionables, and are sported by all our belles, who recognise in a splendid shawl an object equally useful and luxurious. For evening parties, dahlia-colored robes are decidedly in vogue, the more so as they possess the advantage of being equally useful in summer as promenade dresses. A rose odalisque, which, however, has nothing oriental in it but the name, of pure white muslin trimmed with lace, intermixed with embroidery, and folding round the person and forming a sort of tunic towards the bottom, is really a most beautiful dress for all nations, and for every season. Some very superb head dresses have already made their appearance, amongst others we must cite the toque Maria Antoinette, of grey or green velvet, which is really a most successful and beautiful article. It is worn slightly advanced towards the forehead, leaving the hair open behind. A superb white plume falls spirally from the side. A coiffure of velvet, plain or shaded, of different colors is worn, and the accompanying ornaments are composed of a long strip of lace or of long cordon of black silk when the coiffure is of black velvet, or of pearls of the color of the stuff when that is of any other shade. These cordons have tassels, which fall very low upon the shoulder. We must also mention the *chapeau Montpensier*, a charming coiffure of velvet, and, when worn with a veil, replaces very happily the riding-hats worn by our belles. For an evening home-dress, and *négligé toilette*, the most *recherché* articles are the *Bohémiennes*, which present a sort of small point in velvet, terminated by tassels and surrounded with slight ornaments of gold or silk. This description of head-dress, which is equally convenient and graceful, fulfills every requisite for a fireside coiffure. Talking of head-dresses, it will be remembered that for some years past ladies of a certain age, whose hair was beginning to turn gray, wore it in large gray curls about their

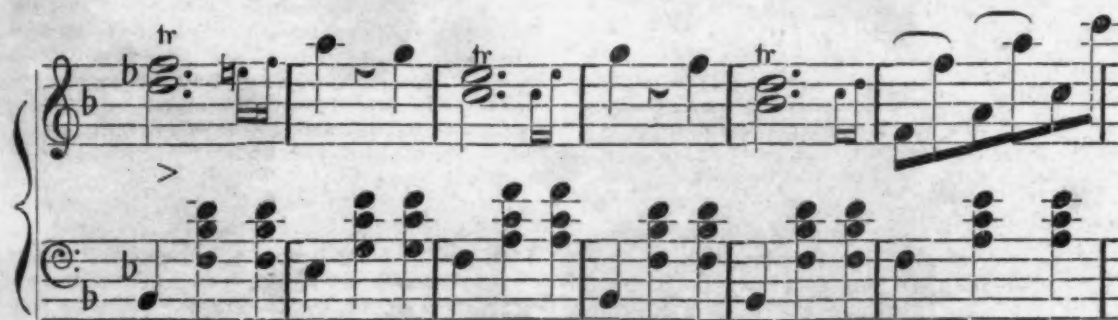
cheeks, but since the importation of the celebrated Grandjean's preparations, from New York, and his medicinal composition, not a gray hair is to be seen. *Capotes* continue to be very much in fashion, and we have seen some in velvet, with an *aigrette* of feathers of the same tints. Those in satin recovered in citron or rose-color tulle, with feathers of the same color, are really superb. But perhaps there is no mode more beautiful or more elegant than a little *chapeau cardinal*, and which is really one of the most fortunate inventions of the season. It is one of those pretty, simple, and elegant affairs which every charming and graceful woman is delighted to adopt. It is made of black velvet, having one rose-colored plume on each side, and is really a most charming and tasty head-dress. For winter flowers and ornaments, perhaps the most beautiful things of the sort are bunches of grapes formed of a very light and semi-transparent substance, and painted separately in such a manner as to give them the shade and even the bloom of nature. These promise to become a most fashionable ornament, and when tastily applied are extremely elegant and *recherché*.

Amongst the novelties of the season, I must class some very new and very pretty things for half mourning made of silk and woollen, and which are called Cashmerede Tunis, and a woollen stuff of extremely rich patterns. Mittens also are becoming much worn: they are made in thread, embroidered in Algerine patterns of great elegance, and which give to the arm an appearance of being covered with a splendid bracelet. Furs make their appearance upon the slightest indication of cold weather, and large pelerines of ermine are already to be frequently met with, as well as muffs of the same material. A mantle of a perfectly new fashion, and which is called the Venetian mantle, has been just sported by one of the most elegant women in Paris, and we doubt not that this most charming innovation will find numerous imitators among the circle of our *beau monde*. Winter flowers are also coming into fashion: the most *recherché* of these are purple dahlias in velvet, and interspersed with roses. These flowers upon hats of velvet or satin are exceedingly beautiful.

The gloves which are now the rage, and which are at once elegant and pretty for the evening, are chiefly of rose-color or sea-green; citron color is also much met with at our *soirées*; whilst, for the promenade, violet, deep green, bistre, and other dark shades are preferred.

A CELEBRATED WALTZ.

BY J. STRAUSS.





SONG FOR A CHORUS OF VOICES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER, BY T. W.

Now while we here united stand,
With uncorrupted hearts,
This sacred hour of festival
Fresh fortitude imparts;
It onward sweeps the notes of song,
Wakes the harp's sounding thrill,
Heroic thought graves on the soul,
And fires the generous will.

The time is bad, the world is poor,
The best are swept away,
The earth is but a widen'd grave
For truth and liberty!
Yet courage! though the despot's foot
Has strode o'er German fields,
Is there not many a silent heart
The faithful blossom yields?

Timid before the sound of blood,
And the black frown of war,
Back in the soul's last deep recess
The arts have fled afar;
Orphan'd are now the peaceful vales
Where shone their holy fanes,
Yet to them in each patriot heart
An altar still remains.

Friendship, and faith, and truth are left,
High joys and duties still—
Then let oppression's torrent swell,
We'll brave its mightiest ill!
Spread it before us wide as space,
And pile it to the sky,
By heaven! our faith we'll firmly keep,
And for our duties die!

Fair woman and fair woman's love
Form still a noble prize,
Where ancient virtues dwell in youth,
And manly ardors rise:—
Who would their charming influence lose,
Outcast be he from bliss;
Who for his mistress would not die,
Should *never* taste her kiss!

Religion, daughter of the sky,
The foe has left behind,
That messenger of glory sent
To cheer each sinking mind;
Blood shall her altar purify,
Which foemen have profaned,
Forgotten, slighted, made a jest—
That too shall be maintain'd!

See mounting with an eagle's sweep
The patriotic fire,
That with enthusiastic heat
Shall make our foes expire!
O tell me, all now standing here,
In love's and pleasure's trance,
Shall we not meet when beacon fires
From height and mountain glance?

Shall we not forth in courage firm,
When vengeance brings the day?
Shall we not forth, and in our blood
Float all our foes away?
Thou who pervad'st yon wide expanse—
Father! to thee we cry;
Lead us—although it be to death—
Lead us to victory!

THE ARTIST,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1842.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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| ADDRESS TO THE LADIES | |
| PORTRAIT OF A LADY | |
| THE HIBISCUS MULTIFIDUS | |
| THE LAST PARIS FASHIONS | |

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